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MITCHELL.

MITCHELL! strong brain, quick eye, and steady hand!
Faithful in service—faultless in command;
Thou favorite son of science! fit to stand
Foremost among the saviours of the land;

In that the scholar's craft, the captain's skill,
In thee conjoined, work fitting triumphs still;
And nobler yet the patriotic thrill
Which guides the master triumphs of thy will!

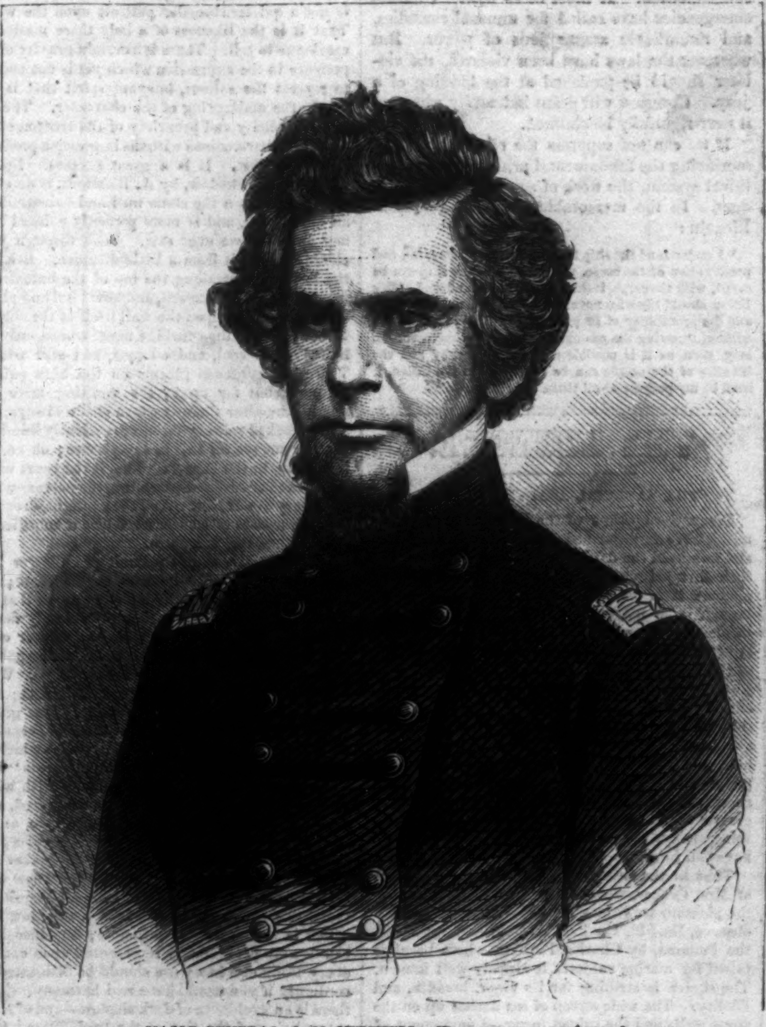
God! with a handful of such hearted men
To beard the wolf of Treason in his den—
Men quick to plan and strong to act—and then
Europe shall ring our triumphs back again!

Onward, my hero! Men shall catch the flame
Which lights thy soul—and glow again for shame.
With thee—and such as thee—we shall reclaim
The morning glory of our empire's fame!

GENERAL O. M. MITCHELL.

WE publish herewith, from a photograph kindly furnished by ANSON, 589 Broadway, a portrait of GENERAL O. M. MITCHELL, whose brilliant exploits in Northern Alabama and Mississippi are the theme of so much eulogy.

ORMSBY M'KNIGHT MITCHELL is a native of Kentucky, but was appointed to West Point from Ohio in 1825. He is about fifty-seven years of age. In 1829 he graduated in the same class as the rebel Generals Joe Johnson and Lee. He served three years as Professor of Mathematics at West Point, and was a short while in the army. But in 1832, becoming weary of inaction, he resigned his commission, studied law, and opened an office at Cincinnati, Ohio. From 1834 to 1844 he filled the chair of Professor of Mathematics in the Cincinnati College, and in 1845 founded the Cincinnati Observatory. His love for astronomy induced him to devote most of his time to the study of this science. He published several works on the subject which attained considerable popularity; and in 1858, when the troubles in the Dudley Observatory left it without a manager, he was called to the vacant post. Astronomy, however, did not engross his time. Like M'CLELLAN, BURNSIDE, CURTIS, and others, he was a railroad man, and for many years filled the office of Engineer of the Ohio and Mississippi line. He was also at one time Adjutant-General of Ohio. In every position he was remarkable for energy, boldness, and thoroughness.



MAJOR-GENERAL O. M. MITCHELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANSON.]

When the war broke out he was among the first to inculcate the necessity of defending the unity of the country at all hazards. He was one of the speakers at the great meeting on Union Square, and his speech was probably the most thrilling that was delivered that day. He said:

"I owe allegiance to no particular State, and never did, and, God helping me, I never will. I owe allegiance to the Government of the United States. A poor boy, working my way with my own hands, at the age of twelve turned out to take care of myself as best I could, and beginning by earning but four dollars per month. I worked my way onward until this glorious Government of the United States gave me a chance at the Military Academy at West Point. There I landed with my knapsack on my back, and, I tell you God's truth, just a quarter of a dollar in my pocket. There I swore allegiance to the Government of the United States. I did not abjure the love of my own State, nor of my adopted State, but high above that was proudly triumphant and predominant my love for our common country." His speech was continued with a fervor that held his hearers enthralled, and amidst his remarks the following words also fell from his lips: "When the rebels come to their senses we will receive them with open arms; but until that time, while they are trailing our glorious banner in the dust, when they scorn it, condemn it, curse it, and trample it under foot, I must smite, and in God's name I will smite, and as long as I have strength I will do it......I am ready, God help me, to do my duty. I am ready to fight in the ranks or out of the ranks. Having been educated in the Academy, having been in the army several years, having served as a commander of a volunteer company for ten years, and having served as an Adjutant-General, I feel I am ready for something. I only ask to be permitted to act; and in God's name, give me something to do!"

He was appointed Brigadier-General from New York, and sent to Kentucky. There he obtained command of a division of BUELL's army, which was the first of our troops in Bowling Green. From Nashville he was sent due south through Murfreesboro and Columbia. Near the latter place he left the bulk of his division under one of the brigadiers, and with a brigade of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two batteries, he made an extraordinary forced march on Huntsville, which place he occupied before the rebels suspected his proximity. He seized the telegraph office, and, it is believed, obtained some useful information in the shape of dispatches from and to Beauregard. Since then he has been dashing hither and thither on the Memphis and Charleston Road, until now (April 25) he holds two hundred miles of the line, from Stevenson, Alabama, to Tuscumbia. He is one of our most dashing and splendid generals.

A REBEL CAPTAIN FORCING NEGROES TO LOAD CANNON UNDER THE FIRE OF BERDAN'S SHARP-SHOOTERS.—SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE FROM OUR LINES, AND SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

OUR SUCCESS.

THE regular circulation of *Harper's Weekly* is now between ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE and ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND copies. Assuming that each number of the paper is read by ten persons—a moderate estimate—a million and a quarter people derive instruction and amusement from this journal. It affords us no little satisfaction to witness this success. Certainly we may say that no effort on our part has been wanting to deserve it.

Our weekly expenses for traveling artists are alone as heavy as our total outlay for artistic labor used to be when *Harper's Weekly* was first established. This outlay, however, enables us to depict, week by week, the progress of our arms along the whole circumference of the Rebellion, with a fidelity and vividness seldom equaled.

We are besides enabled to lay before our readers each week several pages of the best reading of the day, including the works of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. So remarkable a combination of artistic and literary excellences has never been presented in any journal, either in this country or abroad.

We think that this Number, for instance, will bear comparison with any number of any paper ever produced in the United States or in Europe.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1862.

DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL.

DURING the Crimean war the late Prince Albert was furiously abused by the British people for saying, in a public speech, that constitutional monarchy was on trial. What he meant was, that the pending contest would test whether it was possible to carry on a great war without interfering with the free institutions which were established for peace-time. The event proved that the British system was equal to the test. The war was brought to a successful close without any violation of the laws established for the government of the British empire in time of peace. It must be remarked, however, that the war was prosecuted at a point several thousand miles distant from Great Britain; that England's trade with Russia was very limited; that the chief commerce of Great Britain was not injured by the war; and that the number of individuals whose private interests were affected by the war was very small indeed.

In these important aspects the pending war in this country differs essentially from the Russian war, and it is reasonable to assume that its bearing on our peace institutions must be widely dissimilar. The war is carried on at our own doors, with a people most closely allied to us by ties of marriage, association, and commerce; it has crippled our trade, and gravely impaired our industrial energy; and the number of persons whose interests are directly affected by it is enormous.

These essential differences explain why it was necessary, in this country, to do what was not required in England during the contest of 1854–'5; namely, to suspend the operations of those great free institutions which, in peace-time, are the main bulwark of popular liberty.

It must always be borne in mind by the candid observer that since history began there never was such a rebellion as the one we are now suppressing. The rebellion of Catiline, to which it has been compared, was only able to raise 5000 men, and of these a large portion had no better arms than clubs. The famous rebellions which constitute so important a part of the history of Great Britain and France were trumpery little disturbances in comparison with the Southern insurrection. A faint resemblance may be traced between the present contest in this country and the religious wars in Europe; but the latter, it will be seen at once on examination, were very diminutive prototypes of the present struggle. In all the religious wars in England and France there was no more bloody contest than the Battle of Winchester, which the historian will class among the minor fights of the present war. History contains no example of 8,000,000 people rebelling against 20,000,000 of their countrymen, and bowing so completely to the lead of fanatic leaders as to submit to be forced by conscription into military service. There never was an instance before of a country raising a million of men to fight each other. Nor was there ever a war, before the present one, which inflicted such wholesale misery upon the country which first took up arms; which involved so fearful an injury to peaceful commerce; which developed so much treachery on the part of persons in public employ; which brought to light such diabolical treason and such heartless perfidy. The honest historian will stand aghast when he discovers the progressive developments of the scheme of secession.

These unparalleled facts will constitute the historical apology for the violations of law perpetrated by the authority of President Lincoln. They will be deemed an ample and sufficient excuse. Posterity will decide that if Abraham Lincoln had hesitated to assume the responsibility of suspending the act of *habeas corpus*, or of interfering with the dissemination of treason in Northern newspapers, he would, under the circumstances, have proved as derelict as his imbecile predecessor James Buchanan.

At the same time it must not be forgotten that, if it comes to the worst, our liberties are more precious than any thing else. We could better afford to forego the restoration of the Union than the complete reassertion of the rights secured to us by the Constitution. What has been done was right, and inevitable under the circumstances. But if it was in violation of law, the law must vindicate itself.

We are therefore not sorry to see that an action at law has been instituted against Ex-Secretary of War Simon Cameron by a party who was at one time confined in Fort Lafayette by his orders. We have no doubt but the Secretary, or the President, by whose orders he acted, had sufficient reasons for ordering the incarceration of the person in question. But it is right, it is due to our institutions, that a jury should pronounce upon the subject. Congress will of course interpose to protect the members of Mr. Lincoln's Administration against pecuniary loss arising from such prosecutions. But the facts should nevertheless be ascertained. General Jackson was thoroughly commended by the American people for trampling on the law of the land at New Orleans; but he was sued for it, and fined $1000, and the people approve the condemnation. It must be so now. Unusual emergencies have called for unusual remedies, and remarkable assumptions of power. But wherever the laws have been violated, the violator should be punished at the bidding of a jury. Congress will grant indemnity wherever it may rightfully be claimed.

If we can not suppress the rebellion without sacrificing the fundamental principles of our political system, the work of suppression will cost dear. In the memorable words of President Lincoln:

> "I understand the ship to be made for the carrying and preservation of the cargo, and so long as the ship can be saved, with the cargo, it should never be abandoned. This Union should likewise never be abandoned unless it fails, and the probability of its preservation shall cease to exist without throwing the passengers and cargo overboard. So long, then, as it is possible that the prosperity and the liberties of the people can be preserved in the Union, it shall be my purpose at all times to preserve it."

THE LOUNGER.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.—No. II.

SINCE the opening of the Exhibition the Committee have extinguished the gas in the front room, and admitted the daylight. The result shows that their first judgment was correct. For in seeing pictures it is desirable to have plenty of light, though it be not sunshine; and the tops of the windows at the end of the room supply only a twilight, in which it is impossible to see the real value of the paintings. In the entrance-hall also there are several works full of conscience, skill, and talent, which it is a pity can not be better seen. But the difficulty is not one that the Committee could avoid. They have procured the best accessible hall, and they have placed the more important pictures in the largest gallery. But the artistic success in smaller works is proportionably so much greater than in larger ones that it would be a good thing always to secure a room in which they could have full justice.

Thus in the entrance-hall, in the very sanctum of Mrs. Croker, whose annual presence is one of the pleasant traditions of the Academy, you may observe, No. 512, The Pacific from the Ramparts of the Panama, by Charles Parsons, whose peculiar talent for marine subjects is already well known. The sketch is striking for its vigor, breadth, and fidelity. The wide sweep of sea dashes up on the stone walls and the ruined tower—a monument of past dominion and romantic history. The sketch shows the poet's eye as well as the painter's hand. Mr. Parsons is not unknown to the diocese of *Harper's Weekly*. His late anniversary picture, in the number for April 19, of the great uprising of the nation is a memorial work, a most felicitous patriotic allegory. In the same passage with 512 is No. 521, At Work, a pen-and-ink drawing, by Thomas C. Farrer. It is a portrait, of cabinet size, of a young man writing. The likeness is excellent, and the portrait of John Brown on the wall, and the card or address of Wendell Phillips upon the table, show the direction of his sympathies. But the specialty of the work is the marvelous delicacy of its execution. It is like the finest etching, and although finished with the painful fidelity of the Pre-Raphaelites, is yet broad and effective. No. 546, by the same hand, is Spenser's butterfly—

> "Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
> * * * * * * *
> But pastures on the pleasures of each place."

It is a study of common wild flowers and weeds, in tangled and brilliant luxuriance, and is one of the most conscientious works in the gallery. The talent for manipulation and the knowledge of the pallet shown by such a sketch are remarkable.

Passing into the large gallery, Mr. Gignoux's Winter, No. 9, is one of the characteristic bits of the painter, and yet a surface of such universal snow among the mountains would seem to be hard to find. Our New England and Northern hills are usually shaggy with evergreen forests, and the snow drifts between, or catches upon the needles and sprays so as to give the mass a silver-gray rather than white complexion. But any critic must be very diffident in speaking of the representation of an aspect of nature which the painter has especially studied. Mr. Hall's, No. 10, Un Carro de Sevilla (as per Catalogue), is a bright strain of Spanish reminiscence. Costume, attitude, and "business" are doubtless faithful. Yet if Spanish peasant life is not essentially different from that in Italy, the scene is too *clean*. Dirt belongs to Italian peasant romance, however brilliant, as dust enhances the charm of bottled wine. This merry group looks almost like a masquerade of ladies and gentlemen. No. 15, Beard's March of Silenus, is in his best vein. The humor is thoroughly bestial; the open mouth of the bear behind admirable; and if Kaulbach occurs to the spectator as he looks, it is but to mark the difference in a generally similar fancy. No. 21 is Mr. Hazeltine's Amalfi, Coast of Naples. It is almost too dainty, if not too gorgeous, for the actual coast. But the patient skill with which the whole is wrought, and the poetic sensitiveness with which the scene is felt, instantly suggest that the painter is doubtless truer in his picture than the critic in his remembrance of that lovely shore. The dingy, briny luminousness of the rising wave is masterly. It is sea-water itself rolling up on the beach, with bits of floating sea-weed caught like flies in amber. The beach itself, the burnished, rainbow-glowing pavement of the sea, is resplendent, as in evanescent, glancing sweeps of sunlight the shore may be. This picture is the best we remember to have seen by a painter of evident power.

No. 28, a Lady, by R. M. Staigg, is one of the fine portraits of the Exhibition, and one of the most admirable works of the artist. Mr. Staigg carries into his portraits the same refinement and delicacy and tender fidelity which marked his miniatures, but there is no niggling, no littleness; and there is not a quieter, broader portrait upon the walls. That it is the likeness of a lady there needed no catalogue to tell. There is a certain gravity of experience in the expression which yet is not enough to repress the salient, buoyant spirit that is evidently the mainspring of the character. The elegant simplicity and propriety of the treatment are singularly harmonious with the impression produced by the subject. It is a great success. No. 34, Sunlight and Shadow, by A. Bierstadt, is an effect of sunshine upon the stone wall and balustrade of an old church, and is more perfectly painted than any sunshine we ever saw. Look through your closed hand at it from a little distance. See how the light glances along the top of the balustrade, flecking the posts beneath, and how kind and placid and warm it lies upon the wall itself of the church. Inside the door the sunshine never comes, only the light. It is cool, and odorous, and still within. There are gorgeous gleams on the high painted windows, but far up in the vaulting nave and around the altar there is grave shade always, and a few cloaked solitary figures are silently kneeling. You do not see all this in the picture; oh no, but it is there, in the church. This is the court where the wicked cease from troubling, the pasture where the weary are at rest. And the sunlight, dropping through masses of leaves, rests like a benediction. This picture, too, is a poem.

No. 44 is Mr. Page's portrait of Collector Barney. It is certainly he who stands there; but where he is, and what he is doing, are still as uncertain as ever. It is a picture curiously devoid of taste, but only an accomplished painter could have painted it. On the other side of the gallery are Nos. 162 and 169, also portraits by Page. When you first look at them they are perfectly flat; they have an unreal, glazed, spectral air. But gradually the skill of the modeling of the head, especially in 162—the conscientious fidelity with which, as the painters say, every point of the surface is "felt"—the masterly decision and confidence with which every line is drawn and every touch placed, soon show you that it is not the work of a tyro, at any rate, nor of a man who has not a clear conception of the effect he wishes to produce. Whether that effect is reached, and if so, whether you know what it is, are different questions. Like all Page's pictures, this portrait, No. 162, is in a very low key, which is perhaps a just principle; for since light can be only proximately represented upon canvas, every thing else in nature should be delineated accordingly if you would have real harmony. Then there is an avoidance of dark shadow—and of shade generally—and the tint of the back-ground overpowers the figure. This is peculiarly evident also in 169. The result is an impression of power, and skill, and knowledge, but not of satisfaction. The picture challenges you—"Come, what is the matter with me?" It draws every spectator in the gallery before it, and defies him with that question. "If I am right," it says, "all these others are wrong. If I am wrong, can you say where and how? 'Pooh!' is no answer. No fool painted me, but many a one looks at me!" You see, this is a very unmanageable kind of picture. It gives you as good as you send.

Mr. Inness's Light Triumphant, No. 48, is a study of a brilliant effect skillfully done. But it is a feat of pigments rather than a picture. Nos. 54 and 63 are portraits by Mr. Wenzler, the latter of the poet Bryant. The likeness of this last is very striking. The failure is in a tone of pensiveness which is part of the natural, although not immediately observable, expression of the subject, and which is not indicated in the portrait, which shows mainly the severity that belongs to the face. The elaborate, verging upon morbid, smoothness and carefulness of treatment which distinguish Mr. Wenzler's style, and which give the faces a slightly opaque and waxen look, are evident in both these pictures. But there is with it a sweetness and tenderness which, united with the strong likeness, make the charm of Wenzler's portraits.

We stop here to-day, but shall return to our notes of the Exhibition.

A LOOK AROUND.

AT this moment of writing we have reached a lull in the movements of the war. Driven back almost simultaneously from their outer line across the country from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi the rebels stand at Corinth and at Yorktown. At the former place Halleck for the first time appears in the field, and at the latter M'Clellan has the most ample theatre for the exhibition of his powers.

That the public confidence in success at the Southwest is increased by the presence of Halleck in active command is unquestionable. There has been such an accumulation of proof that we were not properly prepared for attack at Pittsburg Landing, that brave and loyal, and successful even, as General Grant has been, it was impossible to avoid the question whether we should be any better prepared for the next onset. There has as yet been no reason assigned for the separation of the two great divisions of our army in Tennessee by so large a space that we had almost been destroyed. Common sense must count for something even in military strategy.

Parson Brownlow says he considers Beauregard the best General upon the Continent. If he be so, he is worthily opposed to General Halleck, in whose sagacity, rapidity, and comprehensive grasp of the campaign there is very general confidence. Whether this arises from the public satisfaction with his administration of the Western Department or from extraneous considerations, it is not easy to say. This only we know, that, whether the Department had been prepared for success by the operations of General Frémont, who had every conceivable difficulty to master when he was in charge, or from whatever other reason, yet the West, since General Halleck took command, has been the scene of a continuous series of splendid victories.

How much of the credit of all this belongs to the Commanding General is yet another question. But it is impossible not to recognize the prestige which the mere fact gives to him; and if he succeeds in defeating the army of desperation under Beauregard, while Foote presses down the river—for the two events would probably be simultaneous—it will not be easy for the rebels to collect another formidable army, except under great difficulties.

So also if M'Clellan is successful upon the Yorktown peninsula, and either defeats the enemy in a general engagement or compels him to retire upon Richmond—Norfolk falls; the rebels can hardly stand in Virginia or North Carolina; they will retreat southwestwardly, and the rebellion will be virtually inclosed in the sea-board and Gulf slave States. It would then by no means yield, but maintain itself by a general guerrilla warfare, and a sullen submission wherever the National force was actually superior. This state of things would inevitably continue until pride and passion and prejudice had had their way. At length the ordinary motives and desires of men in civil society would begin to act; the people of the rebellious section would give pledges, not oaths, of their loyalty to the National Government; and gradually, as various influences combined to extirpate the root of treason, they would be as faithful to the system which gave them dignity, nationality, honor, and power, as the most loyal citizens to-day.

It is dangerous to speculate—how much more to prophesy—so we forbear. Especially as our eyes rest upon an enthusiastic article in the *Times* of March 17, which exultingly predicts that "within twenty days Richmond will be in the hands of M'Clellan, Norfolk in possession of Burnside, and Jeff Davis either a prisoner in our hands or a fugitive among the people whom he has deluded and ruined."

The *Times* will smile, and justly insist that its rosy anticipations were out a little in point of time, but not of fact; and that about May-day all will be true. Amen! It is, after all, only a question of time.

HOPELESS SPITE.

THE recognition of Hayti and Liberia is another of the national acts which show that we are no longer chained to the most remorseless despotism. This Government sends a minister to the Chinese, who are yellow people; and an agent to the Japanese, who are bronze people, whom Mr. Douglas called an inferior race; we have consuls in India and a minister in Turkey, where the people are dark red and olive; and there really has seemed to be no reason why we should refuse an agent to people who are black. Nor has there been any reason except that many of the Senators, whose consent was necessary, held black people as slaves.

The utterly false, abnormal, and fatal position which this nation has occupied toward men of African descent is being rapidly changed to the natural and simple one which other civilized people maintain. Nor would there be any serious difficulty in immediately establishing it except for two things—the prejudice which always prevails in a country against an enslaved race, and the party capital which in this country is made out of it.

Such a person as Vallandigham, for instance, who comes from Ohio, is in practical collusion with slavery and its effort to destroy the Government, merely because it serves his political purpose. The slaveholders for many years had worked with the Democratic party. The consequence was that, to secure the unanimous slave section, the Democratic party gradually relinquished all its fundamental principles, and became an association for the propagation and extension of slavery and the annihilation of the safeguards of liberty. The consequence of this in turn was, that as the party left its principles the best Democrats left the party, until at last the Southern leaders stood in open rebellion, and all loyal national Democrats stood against them.

Those who did not were last summer's "peace men." These were people who thought that the Government was, as Mr. Senator Powell calls it, a tyrant and despot for laying its hand upon its enemies. They were the people who voted in Congress with Breckinridge and the other open traitors, who staid because they could do most harm by staying. These are the people who, upon the hope that the French Government has indirectly threatened recognition of the rebellion, call loudly with Vallandigham for the correspondence that the traitors may be encouraged by it. They are the men who would like to see Jeff Davis, reeking with the blood of thousands of loyal citizens, marching into the White House: who rejoiced over Bull Run: who are aghast at Pea Ridge, Donelson, and Newbern: who would gladly shut, by any means, the mouths of men who expose the true source and aim of this infamous rebellion: and who show the spite they bear to human progress, national peace, and the civilization of liberty, by opposing every measure which aims to cut the fangs of slavery.

Meanwhile those measures are sure to be taken, and they will cut the fangs of these gentry at the same time.

TELLING SECRETS.

The letter of Yulee, which was printed in fac-simile in the *Harper* of last week, is one document of a secret history of rebellion which will doubtless be unearthed as our arms advance and we occupy the rebellious section. The Nashville *Union* is already upon the scent. It appears that the editor of the Louisville *Courier* was last July an active but secret agent of the conspiracy. With every disclosure of this kind the national deliverance will appear only the more marvelous. It will be an interesting inquiry for the historian how far the plot had ripened in the city of New York in the good old days of Gustavus W. Smith, and Lovell, the Jacques of that redoubtable Robert Macaire. However, as General Gustavus, unlike General Floyd, only stole himself away, we ought not to complain.

The definite secret organization of the conspiracy was doubtless complete as to a few leaders. Of course much must have depended upon the developments of popular sympathy which could not be previously calculated. That Jefferson Davis's knowledge of the whole military distribution and sympathy of the country, gained from his occupancy of the War Department, was of the greatest service to him is evident. That his residence for two summers in Maine gave him an opportunity, which he used, to inform himself practically of Northern sentiment is of course unquestionable; and that a vast mass of correspondence and documentary evidence awaits the historian is beyond doubt.

Yet, in case of an absolute and sudden reverse, much of this material will be destroyed. Senator Harris, in his speech upon the confiscation bill, said that few people are aware how difficult it would be to convict Davis of treason. Where is he to be tried? Who are the witnesses? He and his confederates are men shrewd enough to remove all dangers which they can foresee, and a trial for treason must be rather conspicuous among them just now.

The seized telegrams of last May also will be a quarry for the patient delver. How extremely shaky in their shoes certain gentlemen must have felt on the morning of that announcement! Here were people who had been playing with fire and suddenly the house blazed up! Here were people who had insisted that "the South" (which had filled and controlled every nook and cranny of the Government for years) was "oppressed," and was more than half justified in taking "redress" by arms. How much of all this sympathy was to appear in their telegrams must have greatly exercised these worthy gentlemen. They have the consolation of knowing that History will not be ignorant of the facts, but will duly record the names of all who substantially and morally favored a treason which is destitute of a solitary plausible pretense.

FOR US OR AGAINST US?

The correspondent of the New York *Herald*, in one of its late numbers, reports that the rebels had a regiment of mounted negroes, armed with sabres, at Manassas, and that some five hundred Union prisoners taken at Bull Run were escorted to their filthy prison by a regiment of black men. There is little doubt also, that the fortifications at Manassas and those at Yorktown were the work of the slaves. The same paper reports that "the rebels dug up the remains of our soldiers, and made spurs of their jawbones, cutting up their skeletons into every conceivable form, and sending the trinkets home to their friends."

There is plenty of authentic confirmation of these barbarities.

Will some one now say why, if slaves are to be armed at all, they should be armed against our friends instead of our enemies? And is it not clear that the "atrocities" which it was supposed the slaves, if freed, would instantly fall to committing, are already perpetrated by the rebels? There is no recorded San Domingo "horror" more horrible than this last story.

At least twenty thousand slaves have been liberated by the necessities of the war. Will any friend of the rebels, so fearful of the ungovernable passions of emancipated slaves, please to mention the master whose jawbone they have cut into spurs or whose skull they have made into a drinking-cup?

A NEW LITERATURE.

The great rebellion will produce a literature. For a long time the most exciting and interesting books published will be the histories, annals, memoirs, biographies, journals, and disquisitions growing out of the war. There is a literature of the English rebellion, which was Macaulay's strong point; and a literature of the French Revolution, in which Thiers is profoundly versed; and in like manner new names and fames will be made by the works that will be inspired by this enormous war.

The material is not only copious, but a thoughtful care preserves it all. The librarian of Harvard University invites contributions of every published scrap upon either side relating to the struggle. Such an illustrated paper as *Harper's Weekly* is a current, vivid history of the war brought down to the latest dates; while Mr. Putnam's "Rebellion Record" is an unsurpassed collection of the material of history. It is not digested, nor condensed, nor shaped in any way, but it is a most thorough and careful record of every document, speech, letter, description, report, debate, printed in full, and ready for the selecting eye and sifting hand of the historian. It is, in fact, the block of marble and the tools. The artist has only to bring his genius with him, fall to work, and hew out an imperishable history.

It will, nevertheless, be a long time before the final story of the conspiracy can be written. It must be sought and studied in its causes, and followed into details of which much is now hidden. But a grander theme, loftier, more picturesque, of profounder significance and interest, never allured the student. Not Sallust in the Conspiracy of Catiline which he saw, nor Livy in the Annals of Rome which he brought down to his own day, nor Thucydides in the Peloponnesian War in which he was a soldier, nor Xenophon in the retreat of the ten thousand which he conducted, had a more inspiring theme than this act of the great historic drama in which the Anglo-Saxon race, upon a new continent, annihilates, by the popular will and arm, the last hope of Despotism, and enlarges human liberty by constitutional laws.

As this great struggle, by revealing to us our own manhood, releases us nationally from our childish dependence upon European criticism, so it will emancipate our literature from foreign subservience. Our literary genius is especially historical, and the skill with which, by various hands, we have told the story of Spain at home, in America, and in Europe—the story of early France, of the Netherlands, and of our colonial existence, will now illustrate with even greater fervor the triumph of the civilization of Liberty.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Sea Change.—The necessary reconstruction of the navy will effect an entire change of nautical phraseology. "Shiver my timbers!" will become obsolete; and the corresponding exclamation will be, "Unrivet my plates!" Instead of "Scuttle my coppers!" the dramatic Jack Tar will have to say, "Foul my screw!" or "Smash my cupola!" and whereas he used to utter imprecations on his bowsprit, he will henceforth perhaps invoke injury on his bowsplitter.

"The Voices of the Deep."—Dr. Dufossé proves to us that fishes have voices. Lending our ears to this fact, we wonder what language are the fishes in the habit of speaking? We suppose it must be the language of the Finns.

"The Children of Wealth."—Of all the "Children of Wealth" the greatest, without exception, are the Rothschildren. So enormous is their wealth, that we are assured by a confidential clerk in their establishment that many and many a time it has been almost beyond Baring.

Spiritual Weakness.—We have been asked why spirits, such as those that communicate with Mr. Foster, the conjuring "medium," can only write under the table? We answer, Because spirits of that description are below proof.

They were sitting side by side,
And she sigh'd, and then he sigh'd.
Said he, "My darling idol!"
And he idled and then she idled.
"You are creation's belle,"
And she bellow'd, and he bellow'd.
"On my soul there's such a weight,"
And he waited, and then she waited.
"Your hand I ask, so bold I'm grown,"
And she groan'd, and then he groan'd.
"You shall have a private gig,"
And she giggled, and then he giggled.
Said she, "My dearest Luke,"
And he look'd, and then she look'd.
"I'll have thee, if thou wilt,"
And he wilted, and then she wilted.

An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, replied, "It wasn't for want; I had plenty of that at home."

Anna Maria Story was married to Bob Short. A very pleasant way of making a "story short."

"Illustrated with cuts," said a young urchin, as he drew his pen-knife across the leaves of his grammar.

Women never truly command till they have given their promise to obey.

A certain old bachelor of our acquaintance, whenever he is intoxicated, fancies himself married; he sees every thing double, even his blessedness.

WALTZING.

At first they move slowly, with caution and grace,
Like horses when just setting out on a race;
For dancers at balls, just like horses at races,
Must amble a little to show off their paces.
The music plays faster; their raptures begin;
Like lambkins they skip, like teetotums they spin;
Now draperies whirl, and the tiny feet fly,
And ankles, at least, are exposed to the eye.
O'er the chalk-covered room in circles they swim:
He smiles upon her, and she smiles upon him;
Her hand on his shoulder is tenderly placed,
His arm quite as tenderly circles her waist.
They still bear in mind, as they're turning each other,
The proverb of "one turn deserving another;"
And these bodily turns often end, it is said,
In turning the lady's or gentleman's head.

Why is a lady's hair like a bee-hive?—It holds the *comb*.

The young lady who was "driven to distraction" is now afraid she will have to walk back.

Poverty humbles pride. A man, when he is *short*, can hardly carry a high head.

"I tell you, love, I have got the plan all in my head." "Ah, then it is all in a nutshell."

Which travels at the greater speed, heat or cold?—Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

Man's wedding-day is called "bridal day." The word might be written "bridle."

War is a lottery, in which every customer may expect to draw a sword.

This life's contradictions are many. Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce coolness.

"What a clever invention is the sewing machine!" said Jones. "Yes, *sew it seams*," replied Smith.

Young women are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.

Songs without Words.—Those of that blessed baby.

The man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

Present your wife with every thing she wants, and perhaps she will be quiet *for the present*.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a Bramah key like a hospital?
Because it is full of wards.

My first in great cities is oftentimes sold;
Clothed sometimes in silver, and sometimes in gold.
My second a beast, the terror of men,
Who roars in a desert, and lives in a den.
My whole is a thing not now very common,
'Tis something between a horse and a woman.
Pil-lion.

When is it dangerous to walk in the fields?
When the hedges are shooting.

What letters in the alphabet are most destructive to beauty?
D K (Decay).

Why is a dog like a tattling person?
Because he is a tail (tale) bearer.

Who was the first whistler, and what tune did he whistle?
The wind, "Over the hills and far away."

If a man were to fall from the Monument, what would he fall against?
His inclination.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, April 22, in the Senate, the select committee on the case of Senator Stark, of Oregon, made a report that the committee find that Mr. Stark is disloyal to the Government of the United States. The report was ordered to be printed. A resolution was presented, calling on the President for copies of all orders of the General commanding, instructions, etc., given to General Sherman, lately commanding the South Carolina Military Department. The bill establishing a Department of Agriculture was taken up, and Senator Wright's substitute was rejected. The consideration of the bill confiscating the property of rebels was resumed, and Senator Davis, of Kentucky, commenced a speech against the bill, which, he said, was a measure of gigantic injustice. Without concluding his remarks, Senator Davis gave way for an executive session, and subsequently the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President to strike from the army rolls the name of any officer who has been known to be habitually intoxicated. Mr. Morrill stated that he had been assured that the commanding General of the Union forces in the fight near Yorktown, on the 16th inst., in which the Vermont regiments suffered so severely, was drunk at the time, and fell off his horse into the mud. When pressed for the name of the General, Mr. Morrill declined to give it. A motion to lay the Confiscation bills on the table was negatived, ayes 39 against 65 nays, and Mr. Bingham's bill was selected from among them, as embodying the views of the House on the confiscation question. The vote stood 62 against 48. Pending the question on the passage of the bill the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, April 23, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Military Committee to inquire whether any General in the army before Yorktown had exhibited himself drunk in face of the enemy, and if any measures had been taken for the trial and punishment of such officer. The bill recognizing the independence of Hayti and Liberia, and providing for the appointment of diplomatic representatives thereto, was taken up, and Senator Sumner made a speech in support of it. The consideration of the Confiscation bill was then resumed, and Senator Davis, of Kentucky, concluded his speech in opposition to it. Senator Sherman, of Ohio, offered an amendment to this bill, specifying that the act shall apply to persons who may hereafter hold office under the rebel Government; but the Senate adjourned without taking action on the subject.——In the House a bill appropriating $1850 to indemnify the owners of the Danish bark *Jorgen Lorentzen*, illegally seized by the blockading squadron, was passed. The Military Committee made an important report on the subject of coast and harbor defenses. The consideration of the Confiscation bills was then resumed, and the bill pending on Tuesday was laid on the table by a vote of 58 against 52. The next bill taken up was to facilitate the suppression of the rebellion, and to prevent the recurrence of the same. It authorizes the President to direct our Generals to declare the slaves of the rebels free, and pledges the faith of the United States to make full and fair compensation to loyal men who have actively supported the Union for any losses they may sustain by virtue of this bill. This was debated by Messrs. Olin, Colfax, Dunn, Bingham, Lehman, Hickman, and Crittenden. After further debate, without action, the House adjourned.

On Thursday, April 24, in the Senate, a communication from the War Department, covering copies of contracts made by that department for 1861, was presented. The bill providing for the recognition of Hayti and Liberia, and establishing diplomatic intercourse with those countries, was taken up, and Senator Davis, of Kentucky, offered a substitute, authorizing the President to appoint a Consul at Liberia and a Consul-General at Hayti, to negotiate treaties. The substitute was rejected, and the bill passed by a vote of 32 to 7. The consideration of the Confiscation bill was then resumed, and Senator Collamer made a speech against it. Senator Sherman's amendment to the original bill, limiting confiscation to persons who held certain offices under the rebel government was agreed to—yeas 27, nays 11. The further consideration of the subject was then postponed, and the Senate went into executive session.——In the House, the Confiscation bills were taken up, and after some debate the House, by a vote of 90 to 31, referred the subject to a special committee. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, quoted from a speech of Senator Wade, in which the latter charged the former with disloyalty to the Union, and emphatically pronounced the Senator "a liar, a scoundrel, and a coward," and expressed his readiness to meet him any where. Mr. Blake took up the quarrel for Senator Wade, and Mr. Hutchins offered a resolution declaring Mr. Vallandigham's language a violation of the rules of the House and a breach of decorum, and that he is deserving of and is hereby censured by the House. Pending the question on the resolution the House adjourned.

On Friday, April 25, in the Senate, resolutions from the Legislature of Ohio concerning the rebel prisoners at Columbus, Ohio, saying that the loyal feelings of the people of Ohio had been outraged by the fact that the rebel prisoners at Camp Chase were allowed to retain their slaves by Colonel Moody, thus practically establishing slavery in Ohio in the name of the people of Ohio, and solemnly protesting against this outrage upon the loyalty of the people of Ohio. The resolutions were accompanied by a note from Governor Tod, saying that Colonel Moody did not permit it, but that the negroes had been sent there as prisoners, and that Colonel Moody was obliged to take care of them. Senator Wilson said he should call the subject up on Monday. The bill establishing a line of armed steamers between San Francisco and Shanghai and Japan was passed. A bill protecting United States officers from suits growing out of arrests of disloyal persons was referred to the Judiciary Committee. An executive session was held and a number of army appointments confirmed.——In the House, the bill providing bounties for the widows and heirs of volunteers was discussed, and Mr. Dawes defended the Government Contract Investigating Committee from the assaults made upon them during their absence. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, April 28, in the Senate, a communication relative to the number and ages of the slaves in the District of Columbia was presented and referred. The bill providing for the more convenient enforcement of the laws for security to keep the peace and good behavior was passed. Petitions adverse to the Tax bill, and asking a reduction of the proposed tax on tobacco, were presented. The Senate held an executive session, and confirmed a number of military appointments.——In the House, the Speaker announced the following as the Special Committee on the confiscation of rebel property: Messrs. Olin of New York, Eliot of Massachusetts, Noel of Missouri, Hutchins of Ohio, Mallory of Kentucky, Beaman of Michigan, and Cobb of New Jersey. Mr. Olin declined to serve, and it is believed Mr. Sedgwick will be selected in his place. A resolution was adopted calling for the official reports of the battle at Pittsburg Landing. A resolution that the Judiciary Committee be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting for punishing all contractors guilty of defrauding the Government, with penalties similar to those for grand larceny, was adopted. A joint resolution was referred to the Committee on Commerce, authorizing the appointment of commissioners to negotiate concerning the Reciprocity Treaty, and authorizing the President to give the necessary notice for terminating the present unfair treaty. The consideration of the report of the Government Contract Investigating Committee was resumed. Mr. Sedgwick, of New York, defended the Secretary of the Navy from charges of inefficiency brought against him; and Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, defended General Frémont from the aspersions against his official conduct. Mr. Ashley reported back from the Committee on Territories the bill to prevent and punish the practice of polygamy, and to annul certain acts of the Territorial Legislature of Utah establishing the same, and it was passed.

GENERAL HALLECK ON THE MOVE.

Dispatches received in St. Louis on 25th state that the advance-guard of the Union army attacked the rebels on Thursday, and drove them back toward Corinth. General Halleck was, according to this account, at the last dates pushing his entire army vigorously forward. Another dispatch, received in Chicago from Cairo on 28th, describes a reconnoissance in force which took place on 23d, when our troops surprised a rebel camp, and had advanced to within six miles of Corinth. They remained at this point from eleven o'clock in the morning until three, and saw no sign of the rebels in front. The continual rattle of cars and sounding of steam-whistles on the road toward Memphis were heard, giving ground to the impression that the rebels were evacuating Corinth and pushing on toward Memphis.

THE ARMIES AT CORINTH.

It is surmised, on pretty reliable data, that General Beauregard has now over one hundred thousand men under his command at Corinth. A large portion of them are, however, raw recruits, brought in by conscription.

General Pope, with nearly his whole force, arrived at Pittsburg Landing on Monday last to reinforce General Halleck.

OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN.

General M'Clellan telegraphed to the War Department on 26th that a portion of his troops had captured a lunette of the enemy in front of Yorktown, driving the rebels out at a charge, without returning their fire, and occupying the work. Our loss was only three killed and twelve wounded, although our men had to face a heavy fire as they advanced on the work. General M'Clellan represents every thing going on favorably in spite of the rain, which appears to pour down constantly in that region.

FIRING BEFORE YORKTOWN.

The latest accounts which we have—up to Sunday night—say that firing had been going on all day in front of the rebel works. Our naval vessels, with their superior armament, were doing fearful execution on the rebel batteries, while the fire of the rebels falls far short of their mark. Skirmishing between the land forces is kept up very brisk, and it can not last many hours before a general and terrific engagement will be brought on.

AFFAIRS AT FORT WRIGHT.

The last accounts from Fort Wright state that the rebels have fourteen gun-boats and the ram *Manassas* lying off the forts, and that Captains Hollins and M'Rae were also there. The cannonade continues without important results.

THE REBELS CUTTING THE LEVEES.

The rebels had cut through the levee on the Arkansas side of the river, and thus flooded the country for a distance of thirty or forty miles, and destroying a vast amount of property. This was done to prevent the advance by land of General Pope's forces; the result is certain to be fatally destructive to the interests of the Southern people in that vicinity.

A FIGHT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Persons from Burnside's expedition report that a fight occurred last Tuesday near the canal locks of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, between Colonel Hawkins's regiment and a force of rebels. The rebels were repulsed with considerable loss. Our loss is estimated at fifty killed and wounded. Colonel Hawkins was wounded in the right breast and his Adjutant killed.

ADVANCE OF GENERAL BANKS.

The news from General Banks's corps is important. Our troops are in possession of Staunton. The rebel Jackson is reported to be resting on the east side of the Shenandoah River, about sixteen miles from Harrisonburg, on his slow march toward Gordonsville. It is said that 800 of his men have recently deserted.

LIEUTENANT GWIN'S EXPEDITION INTO ALABAMA.

Dispatches received at the Navy Department from Commodore Foote contain the official report of the expedition of Lieutenant Gwin with the transports *Tyler* and *Lexington* to Chickasaw, Alabama, containing 2000 troops, infantry and cavalry, under command of General Sherman, where they disembarked, and proceeded rapidly to Bear Creek Bridge, at the crossing of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, for the purpose of destroying it and as much of the trestle-work as they could find. Lieutenant Gwin reports that the expedition was entirely successful. The bridge, consisting of two spans of 110 feet each, was completely destroyed, together with some 500 feet of trestle-work and half a mile of telegraph line. The rebels made a feeble resistance to our cavalry, 120 in number, but soon hastily retreated, losing four killed. None of our troops were killed.

REBEL GUN-BOATS AT NORFOLK.

The steamer *Jamestown* and steam-tug *Beaufort* went up the James River on 21st, and the *Yorktown* on 20th, to obtain coal at Richmond. They took in tow a number of schooners loaded with iron, to be rolled into plates at the Tredegar Works in Richmond. Four new gun-boats have been launched at the Navy-yard, and four more are in the course of construction at Norfolk, and part of these with iron plates.

DEATH OF GENERAL SMITH.

Major-General C. F. Smith died at Savannah, Tennessee, on Saturday afternoon, of dysentery. General Smith was taken sick shortly after the occupation of Savannah by the forces under him, and has been suffering and sinking slowly for some weeks, though his condition was not thought to be dangerous until the past week. His family have been notified of his death, and are on their way to Savannah.

THE FRENCH MINISTER IN SECESSIA.

The French Minister returned from Richmond last week on the steamer *Gassendi*. The object of his mission has, of course, not transpired, but dispatches were at once forwarded by him to this city for instant transportation to France. No political importance, it would appear, is attached in Washington to the visit of M. Mercier to the rebel capital.

FOREIGN NEWS.

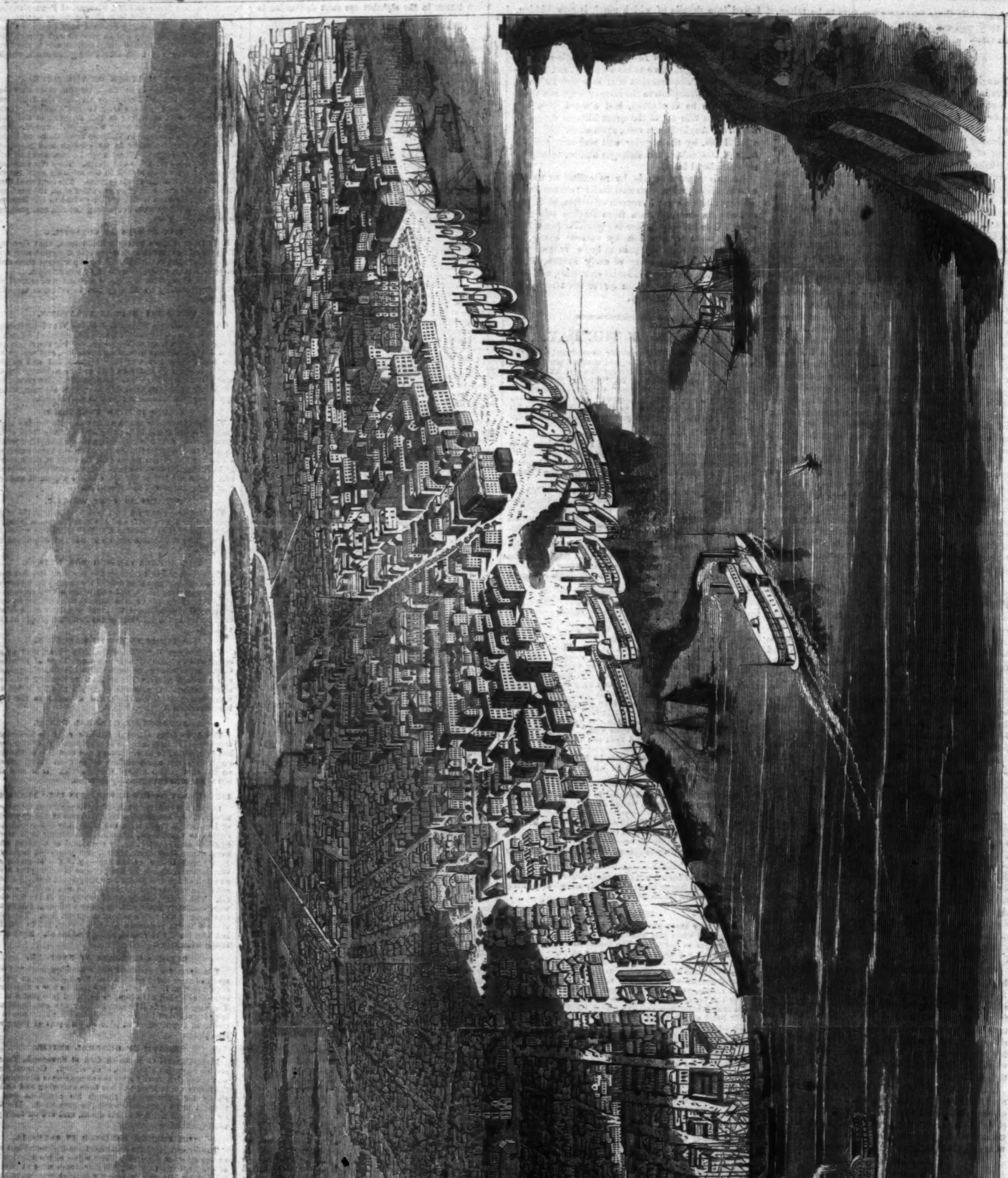
ENGLAND.

THE NAVY PANIC.

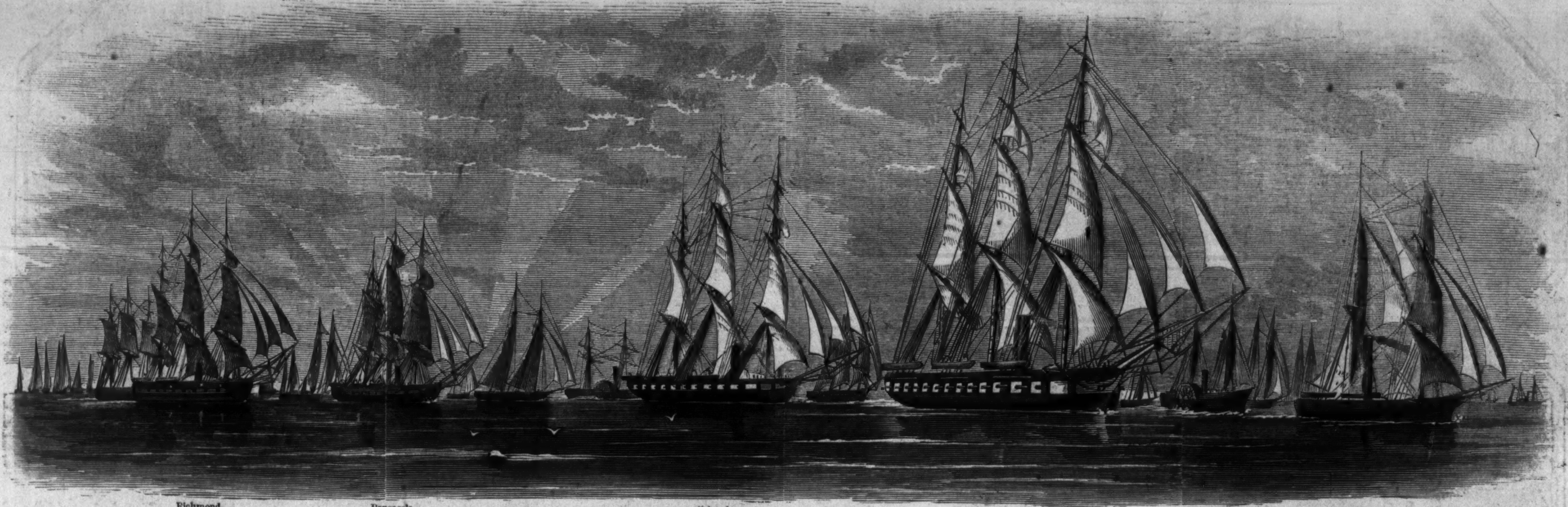
Work has been suspended on wooden vessels in every dock-yard in England, and all hands are engaged in getting forward iron-armored ships—in fact, employed in creating a navy. Sir William Armstrong and Mr. Blakeley have published letters to show that guns can be made of sufficient power to destroy any iron plates now in use, and some highly important experiments had been conducted at Shoeburyness, by order of the Admiralty, in that direction. Sir William Armstrong asserts that one of his guns, of twelve tons' weight, charged with fifty pounds of powder, will break through the side of any iron vessel afloat. The London *Times* advocates the use of powerful and swift iron-clad "steam rams" for harbor defenses, and, for the first time, alludes to the possibility of iron frigates from France besieging the dock-yards of England, and so forth. Captain Cowper Coles, R.N., offers to construct a vessel of very light draught of water which will destroy the *Warrior* in a short time.

ANOTHER PIRATE.

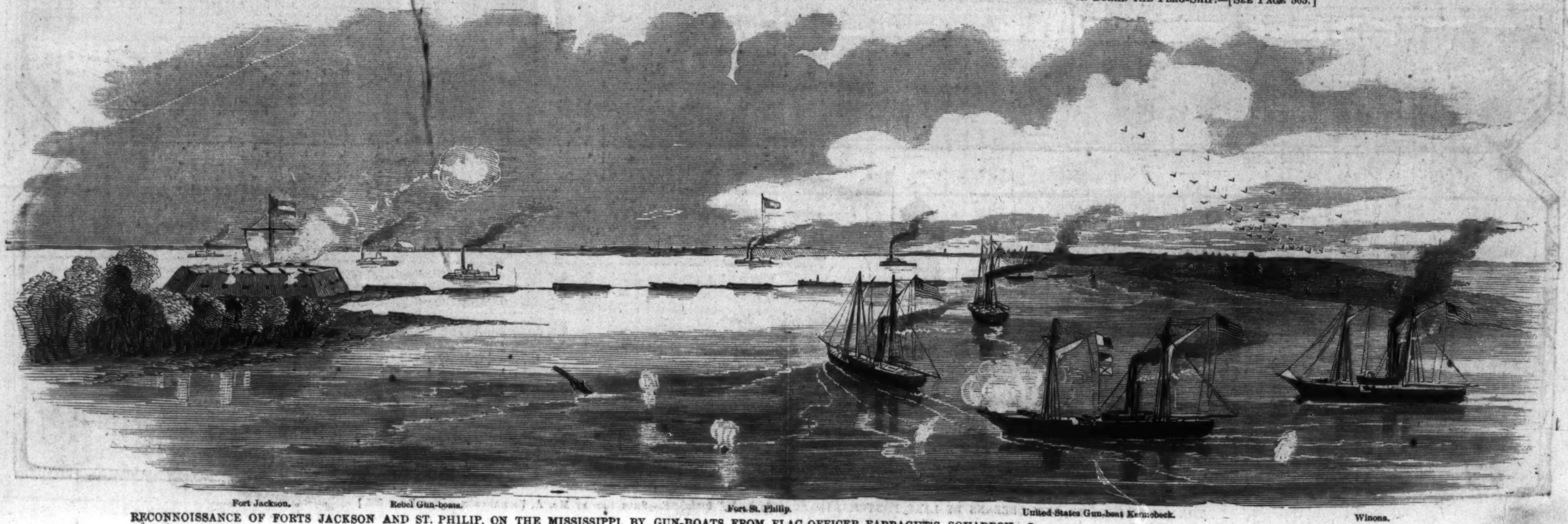
The *Oviedo*, a new and large steamer, sailed from Liverpool on the 22d of March, destined, as was supposed, for the rebel service in America. She is adapted for a heavy armament, which, it was thought, she would find ready for her use in some foreign port before running against the Union blockade southward.



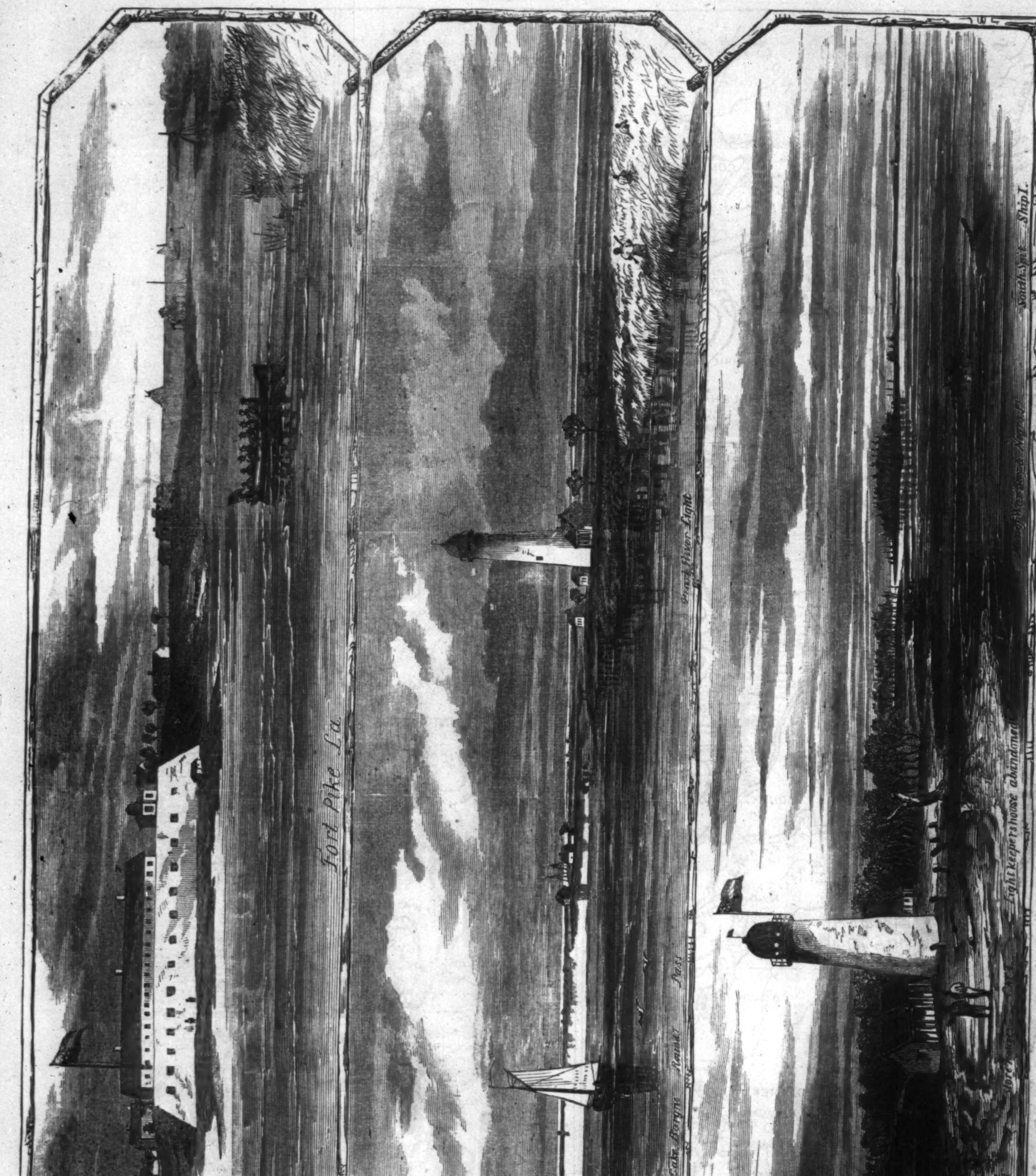
THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, TAKEN BY THE UNION FORCES, APRIL 24, 1862.—[See Page 303.]



FLAG-OFFICER FARRAGUT'S GULF SQUADRON, AND COMMODORE PORTER'S MORTAR FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP.—[SEE PAGE 303.]

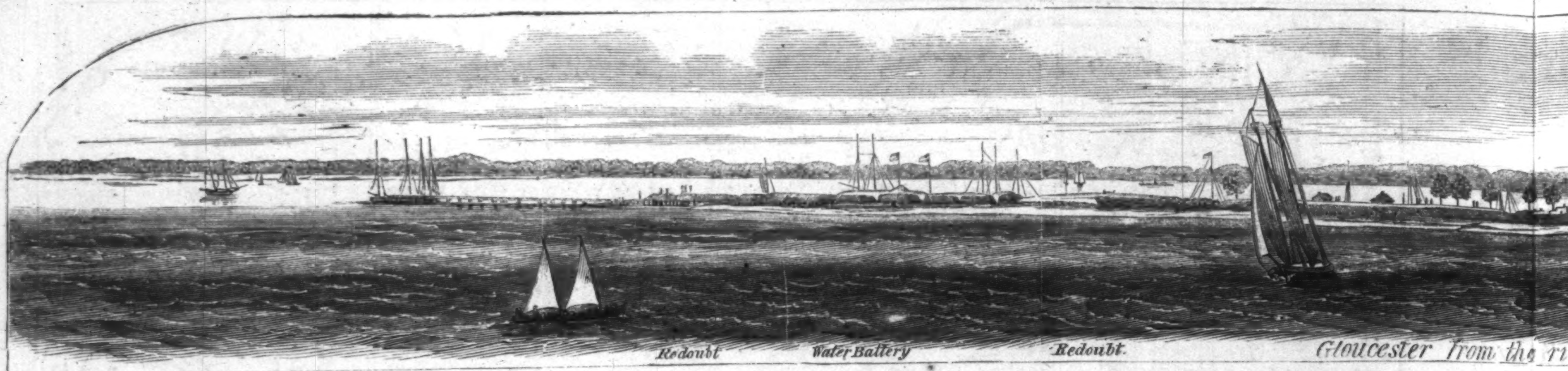


RECONNOISSANCE OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, ON THE MISSISSIPPI, BY GUN-BOATS FROM FLAG-OFFICER FARRAGUT'S SQUADRON.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE SQUADRON.—[SEE PAGE 303.]

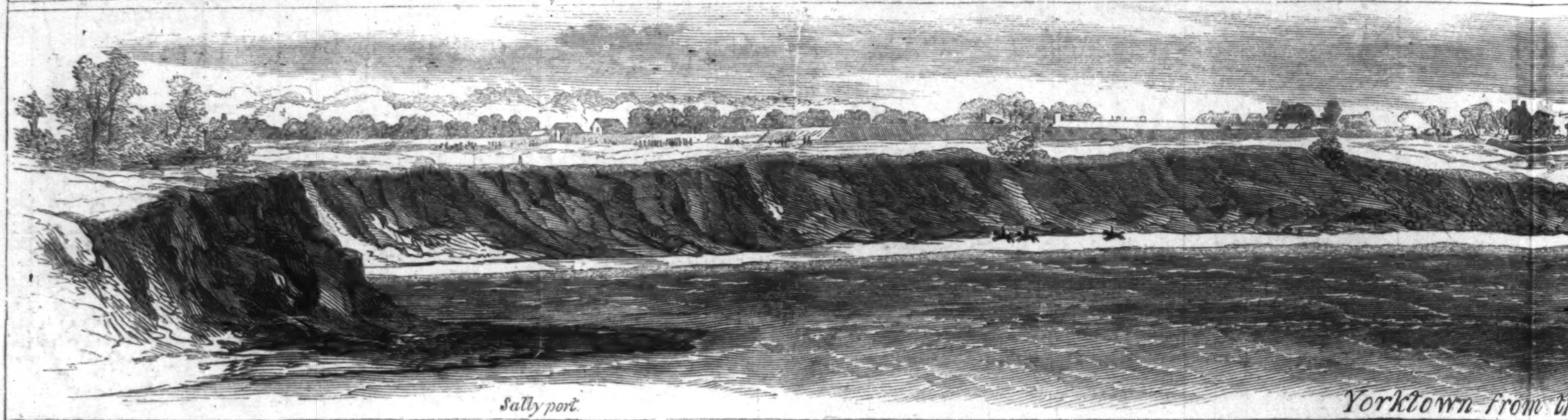


THE APPROACHES TO NEW ORLEANS BY LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN AND LAKE BORGNE.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 303.]

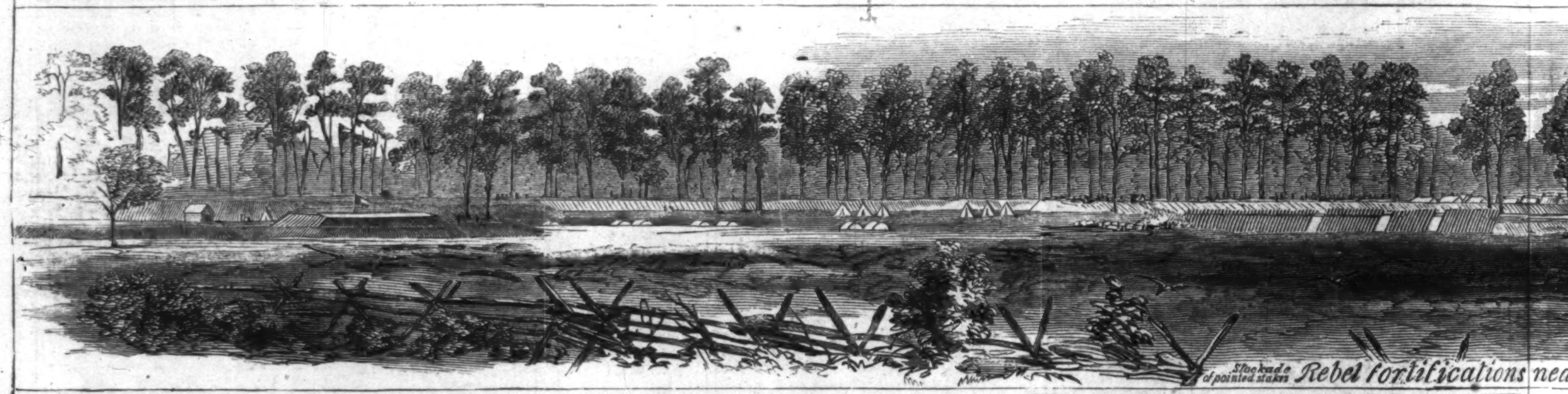
THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM ITS MOUTH TO CAIRO, SHOWING NEW ORLEANS, MEMPHIS, FORT WRIGHT, ISLAND NUMBER TEN, COLUMBUS, ETC.



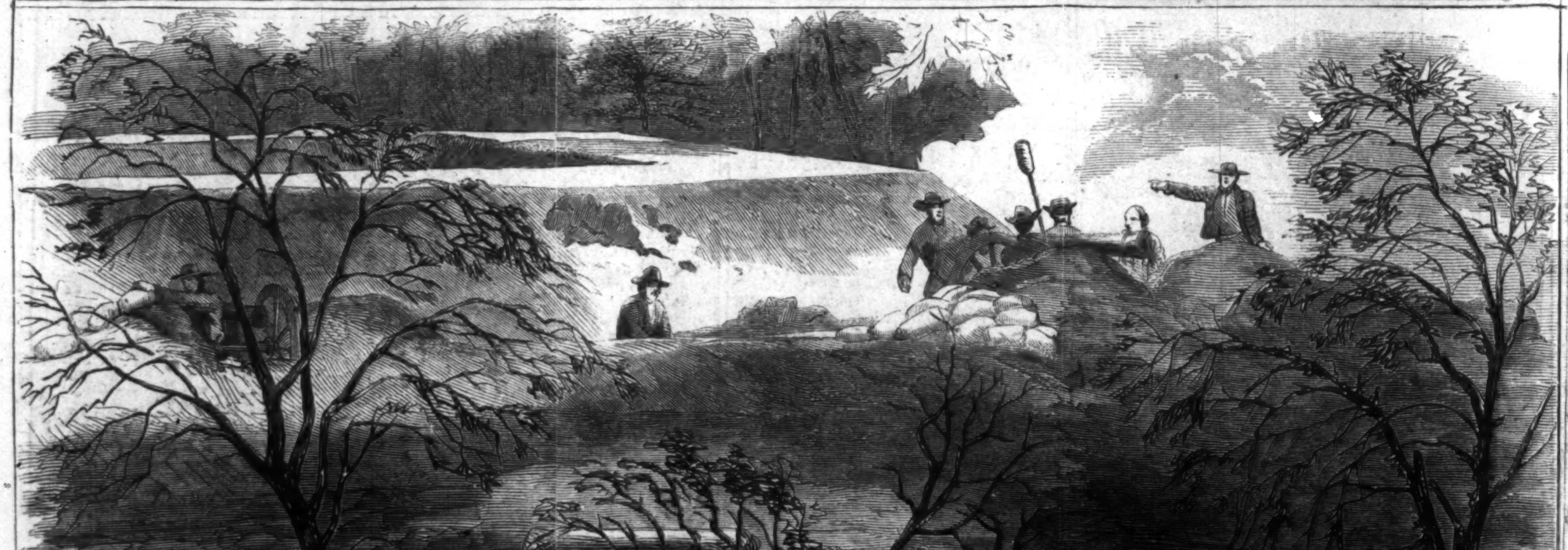
Gloucester from the ri



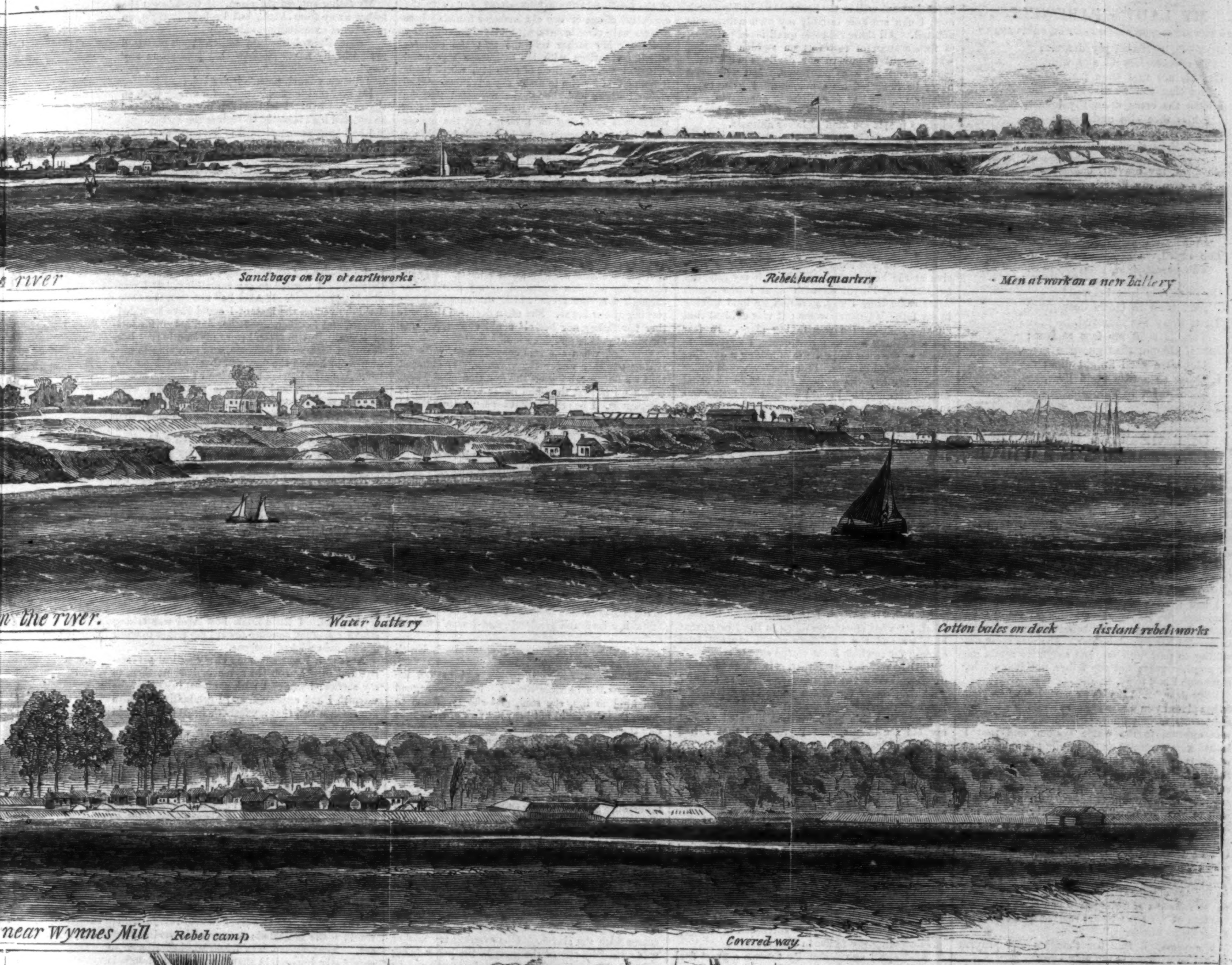
Yorktown from th



Rebel fortifications nea


Portion of Rebel battery at Wynnes Mill. The gun which wounded Lieut Wagner.

YORKTOWN, GLOUCESTER, AND SCENES IN THE CAMPS BEFORE



ORE YORKTOWN.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 299.]

MY LADY'S FAREWELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Go forth, go forth, my dearest;
The world is wild and wide,
But 'tis not that thou fearest—
Not that can us divide.
I bless the cross upon thy breast,
I kiss thee—lip and brow:
Go forth upon thy saintly quest,
And keep thy knightly vow.

Go forth, my bravest, boldest—
My own, my heart's delight;
This tear that thou beholdest
Stains not thy armor bright:
The Christian armor, bright as strong,
In which I made thee dress,
The sword, to hew down mortal wrong,
The breast-plate, righteousness.

Go forth, my best beloved!
And trust in God's dear grace,
That, every foe removed,
Thou'lt meet me face to face;
But if He not that guerdon gives,
Die, as a good knight dies;
I, living as a true maid lives,
We'll meet in Paradise.

OUT OF THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

My mother died soon after I was born, and I was petted by my father until the age of eight, when I was sent to Canada for education. I remained under the care of a kind family at Quebec until I had attained the age of sixteen, when my father called me home to keep house for him, as he was very lonely, and his health was giving way.

My father had desired that I should be taught by the best masters that could be obtained, and no expense was to be spared in my education.

I had lived a happy life in Canada, and Mrs. Summers, the lady under whose care I had been placed, loved me, I really believe, almost as well as she did her own daughter. She was most unwilling to part with me, and sought to retain me for another year; but my father was inexorable, and home I had to go.

"My dear," said she as we parted, "when your father placed you under my care he knew what my sentiments were with regard to slavery—that I was opposed to the whole system, and that I looked with contempt on that feeling oi abhorrence which is generally entertained, even in the Free States, for all persons of negro descent. To my surprise," she continued, "he agreed to my never suppressing my opinions before you, and now I look to you, my dear" (she earnestly pressed my hand), "to do all that may lie in your power to mitigate the horrors of the system, and endeavor to raise the character of those unfortunate beings whom your father owns; so that, if it shall please God to grant you the glorious privilege of emancipating any of your fellow-creatures, you may have the satisfaction of feeling that you have conferred freedom on persons who are really capable of benefiting by its blessings."

She promised that her thoughts and prayers should be with me in my holy labor.

I was only sixteen when I went to my father's to live, in a very hot-bed of slavery. If I had been older, perhaps I might have withstood for a greater time the force of example and custom. I say *perhaps*, for I have known men and women coming out from free England resisting the system of the lash for a certain time, and then gradually succumbing to its use. I have known even ladies of good education use the cowhide until the feminine softness of the eye was changed to a tyrannical hardness.

But I did for a time strive to do some good, beginning with those placed immediately under me. I did this, too, under great discouragement; for my father, at the very first when he welcomed me home, told me with stern decision that I must at once forget all the sentimental trash I had learned in the North. I ventured timidly to put in a word about kindness.

"Kindness, my girl? I feed my niggers well, and clothe them well, don't overwork them, nurse them when they are sick or old; but if I were to rule with what you call kindness instead of cowhide I should be a ruined man in three months."

The slaves about us were certainly demora ized. My kindness—for I did begin by being excessively kind and indulgent—was mistaken for weakness. I was laughed at. The work of the house was wretchedly attended to. Then my father interfered; his remedy was effectual, and every thing went well with the lash.

I became weary and disheartened, but I had still one great hope in which I firmly trusted: an appeal to reason and affection. Surely, I thought, with human beings, however low, there must be a response to such an appeal, that response being the proof of their humanity. The very strength of my conviction in this matter led to error. I made my attempt with great earnestness and resolution, and signally failed. To mention one instance—there was a girl specially appointed to wait on me. I devoted hours of labor to the task of developing a better nature in her soul, but it was all vain. My shallow vanity led me to believe that what I had done was remedy enough for all her defects of a moral growth, for all her dwarfing from the cradle; and in consequence of my failure, I gradually adopted the creed that men and women with African blood in their veins belonged to a lower humanity; that there was a great gulf fixed between their nature and mine; that we really could not be equal in the sight of God.

I succeeded in making myself feared, and all things then, to my father's great satisfaction, apparently went well in the house; but, looking back now, I can see how terribly my own nature was affected. All those valuable qualities of patience, of forbearance, of restraint on sudden impulse, which ought to govern our dealings with those round about us, were destroyed. My will must never be thwarted for a moment. I grew to be quickly incensed at the slightest opposition. In my way I was kind, just as my father was kind—kind, as people are kind to lower animals.

My father praised me for the excellent manner in which the household arrangements were now conducted.

"I let you come round of yourself to common sense, my dear," he said, with a smile. "I knew six months would teach you the proper kindness for niggers."

At this period, to strengthen me still further in my impious creed, came my introduction to my cousin, Abel Duncan.

I had observed from my window a stranger arrive at the house—on business with my father, I supposed—and went on with what I was about. After some time I was attracted by loud talking in my father's business-room; it was evident that an angry discussion was taking place. In fear lest something serious might occur, I ventured to knock at the door on pretense of asking a question about household affairs. From the few words which caught my ears the dispute appeared to be about money matters, and I could see that my father was in a towering passion. My presence, however, seemed to cast a sudden restraint upon him.

"Clara!" he exclaimed, "here's your cousin Abel I've so often told you about; go and kiss him, and say how pleased you are to see him—your only cousin, recollect."

I went toward him at my father's bidding, but my cousin seemed to shrink away from me. I attributed this at the time to bashfulness.

"Abel!" exclaimed my father, in a passionate voice. And then my cousin came forward and gave me a kiss, but the kiss seemed to hiss through his lips.

"Your cousin Abel comes from the North," said my father; "so you two can worship the niggers together."

"Uncle knows how I worship them," laughed Abel. "That story goes down in the North, that both we and the Britishers would cry out loud enough for cowhide if the cotton supply stopped."

"Ah!" retorted my father, "leave us to do the dirty work—all the flogging and that sort, hey? And then finger the cotton yourselves with clean hands?"

I felt that this badinage was directed against my old sentiments, and I protested that I had learned, at least, how to treat niggers.

"Ah, ha!" laughed Abel. "Cowhide forever!"

There was something vindictive in his voice and in the gleam of his eye which jarred me through and through.

In the progress of our acquaintance I could see as regarded myself, notwithstanding the outward respect he showed me, that he entertained no real sympathy, but rather a feeling of repugnance. I could detect, moreover, a certain falseness of manner in his intercourse with my father, couched under an apparently frank and outspoken demeanor; still, there was nothing sufficiently tangible for me to take notice of, and he had succeeded in strongly prepossessing my father in his favor.

Abel and I were naturally thrown a great deal together, and though I could not help disliking him, there was one sad cause which gave him a certain power of fascination over me. There were certain times when the good teaching I had received from Mrs. Summers would, defying all my efforts to strangle the thoughts, start up in judgment within me—times, perhaps, when my temper had been more particularly ruffled, and I had sent a slave to the overseer for chastisement. Then, when a distant cry of anguish broke upon my ear, the doubt would come. I would sugar it over as best I might; the girl had shamefully neglected my orders; had been disobedient, lazy, and wilfully perverse. It was not difficult to square the doubt with reasons; but still, doubt remained. What if it were really true that this was a human being created as myself in the image of God, and that this act of mine was adding still further to her debasement, destroying that work of His, and leveling her to the condition of the brute?

Abel was always ready enough to answer my doubt, and afford me fresh faith in my new creed. With blasphemous perversion he would point to the Bible itself in confirmation of all he asserted as to the inferiority of the African race; he would say that they bore the wrath of God stamped in the very form of the forehead; that they were destined to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the end of time; that their mental capacity was so low that they could only be ruled by fear. His illustrations and arguments appeared reasonable and I was only too ready to admit all he advanced.

I recollect with what diabolical ingenuity he used to compare the drop of black blood to insanity lurking in the frame. He would admit that persons of mixed race might be good enough, up to a certain extent, and for a certain period, but, like insanity, the black fibre would be certain, sooner or later, to work to the surface and then the whole moral nature would be thrown out of balance. He would heap up his cases of men ruined body and soul by Quadroon women with their fair faces and devilish hearts—yes, men even whom he had known, who had lost fortune and respectable position, and life itself.

I fear his words found a readier response in an under-current of pride which caused me to rejoice in my own exaltation above the debased race. Looking back, however, to my feelings at that period, I think it was owing rather to Abel's frequent reiteration of his opinions than to any logical considerations of my own that I came to acquiesce in the principle which he so strongly asserted. Abel Duncan had effectually poisoned my soul.

My father was not on terms of intimacy with any of the families in the neighborhood, and, with the exception of one or two old bachelor friends whose estates were close to ours, we received scarcely any visitors. My father told me that the coolness which had arisen with his neighbors was occasioned by some questions of property, which made it impossible for him to make any advances toward reconciliation; and though he regretted that he could not then afford me that social intercourse which was so fitting for my age, yet the matter was of less consequence, as he intended within a year or two to realize his property and proceed to Europe, where I should enjoy all the pleasures and amusements of society.

It chanced that an English doctor, a widower with an only daughter, came to settle in our neighborhood. There was some difficulty in finding a house suitable for Dr. Evans, and my father, who was very hospitable, insisted on their taking up their residence with us until they could be comfortably settled. Mary Evans was about my own age, and we soon became great friends. Her affection for me was increased by my nursing her through a severe fever which she caught while staying at our house. She often declared that neither her father nor herself could ever repay me for my attention and devotion.

One day, when she was convalescent, we were sitting together under the veranda. It chanced that we fell to talking on the question of slavery, which up to that time had never been alluded to between us. I imagined what her sentiments would be, as she had so recently left England, and I begged her to speak without reserve to me; but I cautioned her that it would be prudent, in a general way, to suppress anti-slavery opinions.

In the warmth of our ensuing argument I had not perceived that Abel was standing by us, listening. I shuddered as I caught his hateful smile, and felt a dread at his knowing how entirely I was a convert to his opinions.

"Abel," said I, "you will explain this matter to Miss Evans better than I can."

"No, no," he answered, with a sneer; "you understand it perfectly."

"It's too terrible for belief!" exclaimed Mary Evans. "Why, Clara tells me that one drop of black blood could destroy her very nature. I know her love and goodness, and I won't believe it."

"It's the opinion generally entertained, North as well as South," replied Abel.

Mary turned earnestly to me, and prayed me to discard the horrible theory. I had been good and kind to her, she said, and she loved me so much that she could not bear to know of a thought like this having a place in my mind.

I could not deny my convictions, and the subject was at last dropped; but I felt that I had destroyed the bond of sympathy which until then existed between us.

I don't think that I have mentioned the extreme indulgence and tenderness which my father showed toward me. My smallest wishes and fancies were immediately gratified, and the only return he seemed to desire was my company and my presence near him. He delighted in my singing and playing, overwhelmed me with praise, and always holding out as his reward a speedy journey to Europe, and a happy life in the Old World.

All this time I became more and more tyrannical, unreasonable, and petulant in my intercourse with the slaves. One evening my temper was roused by one of the girls in the house being more than usually careless and inattentive. In my anger I struck her. She was much fairer than any other of our slaves, and consequently by far the most troublesome of all.

To my amazement she muttered a few words in an under-tone. This drove me frantic, but I mastered my feeling of indignation. When I recovered myself, I told her she should be severely punished for the insult she had shown me, and in the greatest anger hurried down to my father. He and Abel were smoking together under the veranda. He perceived how greatly I was moved, and, drawing me toward him, bade me tell him my grievance. It was disgusting and painful to me even to whisper the girl's words in his ear.

Yet, indignant and angry as I was, I felt terrified by the excess of my father's rage.

"It shall be flogged out of her," he exclaimed, "if the punishment goes within an inch of her life. And all the niggers on the plantation shall see it done."

It haunts my conscience to this day that I did not fall on my knees and ask my father to spare the girl. Her prayer for mercy rings in my ears even now. You will marvel, notwithstanding the greatness of my anger, that I could allow a human being to suffer extreme pain for the purpose of appeasing my wounded feelings; you will naturally think that I was dead to every generous and noble impulse. Yet you must remember that I had just nursed Mary Evans, who was a comparative stranger to me, at the peril of my own life.

Abel had followed my father out when the girl was dragged away. He returned in about half an hour. "Clara," said he, "we've taught her not to say your mother was a slave, and she won't forget the lesson in a hurry."

The tone in which he uttered this nettled me. "Abel!" I exclaimed, "good taste might have prevented you from paining me by a repetition of her words."

He offered me a very elaborate apology; but I could see that a sneer remained on his lips.

I turned from him, and in my agitation I drew from my bosom the miniature locket I was accustomed to wear, and bursting into tears, I exclaimed, "My dear, fair, beautiful mother to be called a slave!"

"What's that?" cried Abel. "My aunt's portrait! How did you get it?"

I said I had discovered it one day in my father's desk. I had begged him as a great favor to let me have it for my mother's sake. He had refused his consent for a long time. At last I had teased him into compliance.

My father entered the room. I tried to get the locket away from Abel; but he held it tight, on pretense of examining it carefully.

"Clara!" exclaimed my father, "you promised me faithfully never to show that portrait to any one."

"But only Abel, papa," I pleaded.

He said that he had expressed a strong wish on the subject—that I had broken my promise—and he ordered me instantly to restore the locket.

I had been so accustomed to have my own way, playing and trifling with any wishes of his that thwarted mine, and always succeeding in wheedling him in the end, that I refused to give up the miniature. I ought to have perceived how irritated the events of the night had made him. He stepped forward, and, seizing my hand, wrenched the locket from me; then, in his anger at my opposition, he struck me a blow with a switch he held in his hand.

The pain was scarcely any thing; it was the indignity—and Abel standing by with a smile of triumph! I wanted to say something, but I was absolutely choked. If Abel had not seen the blow I think even on the instant I could have humbled myself, and forgiven my father and asked his forgiveness. But to stoop before my cousin! I left the room with proud defiance, and hurrying to my own room locked the door and threw myself on the bed. After the lapse of half an hour I heard a gentle tap at the door, and my name pronounced with tenderness. It was my father's voice. I felt that he wanted to be reconciled to me. I would have given worlds to have opened the door and kissed him; but my wretched pride, which told me I must resent the blow to uphold my dignity in Abel's eyes, held me still.

Next morning I felt my father was longing for reconciliation, but that former wretched sense of Abel caused me to be cold and sullen.

It was strange that the man I so detested should have stood thus between my father's heart and mine. My feelings, too, at that time were greatly excited against Abel by reports of his conduct with one of the women on the plantation. Far above my strongest sense of morality was contempt for his degradation, and I could not endure the thought of being humbled in the presence of a man I heartily despised. I little knew how Abel was taking advantage of my conduct toward my father to work out his own wicked purpose.

At length I was ashamed of my willful perversity, and eagerly courted a reconciliation; then, to my sorrow, I was met with coldness instead of the warmth I had expected, and I gradually found, to my amazement, that my father's heart had changed toward me.

Though I was mortified, yet when I thought over the whole matter in quiet moments I blamed my own heart. It would almost seem something were wanting in my nature. I might have known that something was indeed wanting in my nature. There were certain little matters connected with our mode of life which had always struck me as being odd; they had relation chiefly to my father's little intercourse with his neighbors. In my morbid condition I could not help thinking these things over, and the more I thought of them the less satisfactory had the explanations I had been used to receive from my father appeared. I strove to reconcile these anomalies, but racking my brains to the utmost, could only find one reason which would make the whole matter plain and consistent. That reason was frightful, but it was so manifestly impossible that I was able to laugh it away. "Stupid fancy!" I exclaimed, gazing in the glass, and gladly gathering from my own features a resemblance to the features in the miniature. Still, at certain times the fancy came again, and more particularly when any question arose as to my going into society.

The frightful thought was aroused one day by my father's objecting to my going to a public ball at which I had heard Mary Evans was to be present. My wishes on the subject were met with the same inadequate objections. I had been spending the day with Mary Evans, and, to my surprise, she had made no allusion to the ball. We were sitting together in the evening, and I held her hand against mine, trying, as I told her, to discover whose was the smaller. It was natural, born as I was in the South, that my complexion should be less fair than hers, yet my hand was but little darker. I alluded casually to the ball, saying that I had a great wish to be present at it with her, and then from her lips came the same excuses, spoken with hesitation and confusion. I grasped her hand again, gazing on the two hands with deep anxiety. The comparison reassured me; the haunting idea I felt to be the mere creation of my own morbid fancy; and the words I said then to Mary Evans were said in very mockery of my fears. "You won't take me to the ball because of the negro blood in my veins."

I expected a laughing answer. I trembled when I saw the deep compassion expressed in her face. "Alas! who has broken the secret to you?" she asked, sorrowfully. I could not speak, I could not tell her that it was she who in those words had revealed the fearful truth.

My senses seemed numbed. I was barely conscious that she assured me of her love, covered my face with her kisses, and prayed me to kiss her. My heart felt like stone. Love itself was loathsome in the thought of its compassion, and my lips were set in rigid coldness. A frightful gulf seemed fixed between us which no human love could bridge. I asked her to summon our carriage—to let me get home. Ah, that fearful ride! Abel had been also at the Evanses, and he was to return with me. I would have given any thing to have been alone, but I was already in the carriage before he got in, and I seemed to have lost all power of will, and all womanly dignity.

Abel sat at my side without speaking a word, but I was sure he knew that I had learned the secret of my birth. Then I knew why it was that on our first meeting he had disliked to kiss me as his cousin, why all his manner toward me had ap-

peared so false, why he had taken so much pleasure in proclaiming the degradation of the negro race. He sat quite silent, but I could read his thoughts. I who had deemed myself his lawful cousin, his equal by right of birth, his superior in every gift of soul, so that if, as the only child of a rich planter, he should have the presumption to make me an offer of marriage I had resolved to spurn him away with contempt—I shuddered and crouched away from him—knew that in his vile thoughts he held me no higher than that wretched girl he had abused. He pray me to be his wife! The very laws forbade my being the Christian wife of any white man! His contemptuous silence awed me; he sat perfectly still, letting me sink to the floor of the carriage.

The daughter of a slave! That dreadful idea turned the current of my thoughts from Abel, and the blow my father had struck me burned anew like fire; but that girl who had suffered the torture of the lash for my sake! The recollection of that night flashed into my mind, crushing me with an overwhelming remorse. Her nature was the same as mine; there was the same dark blood in our veins; the same capacity for moral elevation, the same capacity for pain, God forgive me! My crime struck home.

I resolved to see the girl before entering the house. Her forgiveness would, I felt, ease the load on my heart.

I found my way in the dark, as well as I could, to the negro huts, and discovered where she was being nursed. She was lying asleep on a mat, but the old woman who attended on her had not gone to bed.

"Is she nearly recovered?"

"She is."

"Was the punishment very severe?"

I felt the utmost anguish at the woman's answer.

No one had been so severely flogged on the plantation for years!

I sank on my knees at the girl's side. By this time she had awoke. I poured forth my words of contrition, and my scalding tears fell on her hand, which I grasped in mine. She was partly dazed with sleep, but both she and the old woman gazed on me with astonishment. My behavior was so utterly incomprehensible to them. To ask pardon of a slave was an idea beyond the limit of their thoughts. And even then as I knelt there, with the sense of my own wickedness fall upon me, I could scarcely bring myself to believe that I was praying forgiveness of a being who partook to the full of my own humanity!

It was only when I told the girl I had discovered that she had spoken the truth—that I knew that I *was* the daughter of a slave—it was only then that their senses were aroused; fear was strongly visible on their countenances; the girl started forward, and vehemently contradicted me. No, no! I was Mr. Duncan's child, she cried, and the perspiration stood out on her brow. She piteously implored me to leave her, lest she should be again punished owing to my having come to the hut.

I assured them both, again and again, that they had no occasion for fear in speaking about the truth. The old woman then told me that before I was brought home my father had given the strictest injunctions, enforced with stern threats, to every body on the plantation, that not a word should ever be breathed to me concerning my birth; and that it was to show his determination in the matter that he had made such a severe example of the poor girl.

Stronger even than my bitter feelings of remorse for the suffering I had caused was the anxious desire which possessed me to hear the account of my real mother—my own mother, notwithstanding her misery, and degradation, and shame. At first the old woman would not speak. I swore not to reveal a word of her statement; in my passionate eagerness I threatened, coaxed, bribed her. At last I forced the story bit by bit from her most unwilling tongue.

She had nursed my mother when she died, and had nursed me when I was born. To the best of her recollection, my mother had died where the girl was then lying before my eyes, and I too had been born in that very hut.

"How did she die?" I inquired, eagerly. And then I became so nervously fearful lest she should in any degree conceal the truth from me, that by force of old habit I threatened her with the most severe chastisement if I should ever find that she had deceived me one iota.

But my hasty threat brought punishment on my own head; for when I repeated my question the woman looked significantly toward the girl. Then came the frightful conviction that my mother herself had suffered the very pain I had so often been the means of inflicting. On my knees I prayed the old woman's forgiveness for my threat, and I poured all the money I had in my purse into her lap.

My mother died of a broken heart, the woman said. She had been sold away from her children. As far as I could understand the account, she had at first been treated with degrading kindness and indulgence; but nothing could drive a cloud of past love from her brow, and in spite of her beauty she grew wearisome.

"But when I was born?" I asked, anxiously. "Was she happier then—did she forget the past a little in her love for me?"

In the woman's answer a curse seemed to fall on my head. I had never been blessed with a mother's smile. I had been nursed with hatred on her bosom; my very life had been saved out of her hands! And so she had lain down to die, lying where that beaten girl was then lying. I kissed the girl in pity for her sufferings; my tears fell wet upon her face; but every kiss seemed to bring me nearer to my dead mother, and to all her sorrow and all her shame.

If I had been left to myself I should not have returned home that night, but the old woman, partly by force, partly by persuasion, led me up to the entrance of the house.

I could not endure the thought of meeting my father, and I stole on tip-toe past the room where he and Abel were sitting. My father must have seen the conflict of that night written on my face when he met me the next morning. I believe his heart was moved with pity, for he came forward to kiss me; but I involuntarily shrank from him before his lips touched mine. An irresistible influence seemed to drag me away.

He called me to him, but I had no power to move.

Then his indignation was excited; he upbraided me for my ingratitude; true, I had discovered the secret of my birth, though he had done all in his power to hide it from me; but yet the knowledge of my origin ought only to have increased my affection and gratitude. He reminded me that I had been treated as the daughter of the house, though my mother was a slave. All that education could do had been done for me; but he feared it was only too true that there was some radical perversion in natures such as mine which unfitted them for love.

Oh! It was intolerable anguish to hear such words from his lips, and to feel, as I did then feel, that they were true.

He finally told me with great sternness that although I was free—free beyond all question or doubt—yet my future destiny depended on my own behavior. Whether I gave him my heart or not—he had once looked for a daughter to solace his old age, but that hope was gone—he would at least have a return for the money spent upon me. I should amuse him, read and play to him as heretofore, and arrange the household affairs; I should suffer for it if I failed.

Abel entirely usurped my place in my father's heart. The affection and indulgence which had been mine were lavished upon him. I had stood between him and his hope, as nearest lawful heir, of inheriting my father's wealth; there was no longer any danger that I should spoil his prospects.

He still kept up the show of treating me with great outward respect: taking care, however, that the crushing thought of my degradation should be continually before me; for he well knew that thought to be the main cause of my estrangement from my father.

There was no one to support me through this heavy trial. Mary Evans, indeed, was true; she would twine her arms round me, drawing me affectionately to her bosom, protesting an eternal friendship; yet I felt at those times more than ever my isolation. Her nature was not my nature; the drop of dark blood and the iron hand of the law had decreed our separation; her pity might be as great and as good as the pity of an angel, but it could not afford that blessed consolation which arises from the possession of a common nature liable to the same trials and the same sufferings.

Do not imagine that this was merely a morbid fancy of mine; its truth was too evident in the ordinary intercourse of life. When Mary Evans and Abel and I were sitting together, and he talked in a bantering tone of some friends of his who had fallen in love with us, his words amounted to no more than familiar badinage, to which the laughing retort of Mary Evans formed, on her part, a fitting answer. But those same words addressed to me were laden with unutterable shame, bringing a burning blush to my cheeks.

But the lash—ah me! the day of retribution had come. While I was yet responsible for all household matters, the ability to command had left me, and the slaves knew it, as the horse knows an unskillful rider. I dared not punish. The thought of my own mother, and the knowledge that I was ordering a creature of like nature with myself to be lashed, tied my tongue and held my hand. Things were often neglected, and my father would receive no excuses for any shortcomings he discovered. I had the means of punishment, he said, and he would summon the overseer, and force me to give the order for punishment. Sometimes in his irritation at what he termed my stupid "nigger-worship," he would strike me, even in the presence of Abel, with his switch.

There was a clergyman, a Mr. Graham, a neighbor of ours, who occasionally visited at our house. He was an old man, toward whom I entertained the strongest feelings of respect and veneration; it was impossible not to be attracted by the tenderness of his manner, and by the strong but unobtrusive piety which marked his demeanor. When I tell you that he held slaves, you will in all probability smile at the thought of his tenderness and utterly deny his piety. Yet he was not a hypocrite. I will mention, by way of illustration, that memorable instance of the great leader of the Evangelical party in past days—the pious John Newton, of Olney, successor of Whitfield, and intimate friend of Cowper. Well, he was in his earlier days a slave-trader, the master of a slave ship. On board his vessel, as I have read, the negroes were packed together like herrings, stifled, sick, and broken-hearted. But, separated by a single plank from his victims, the voice of their jailer might be heard, day by day, conducting the prayers of his ship's company, and joining them in singing devout compositions of his own. He experienced on his last voyage to Guinea—these are his own words—"sweeter and more frequent hours of Divine communion" than he had ever elsewhere known. Even in his old age, long after he had entered the Church, holding a conspicuous position as a Christian minister, honored and revered by a large congregation, he coldly and phlegmatically avowed his participation in the slave-trade; and to the last he was little conscious of the heinousness of his guilt.

Mr. Graham would have resisted as indignantly any assertion that the negroes are the intellectual and moral equals of the white race, as he would have opposed the theory that mankind at large have been developed from monkeys.

Yet it was impossible for him to be harsh or severe to any living creature. No trouble was too great, if he could only alleviate pain and suffering wherever they might exist. When any slave chanced to be ill, he would watch with the utmost solicitude at the bedside, speaking the kindest words, and noting every change which took place in the patient. An ordinary observer would have marveled at such devotion, and would have felt the greatest admiration for such conduct on the part of a man toward his poorer fellows; but Mr. Graham never for a moment entertained the idea that the sufferer was bound to him by the bond of a coequal humanity. He would have acted—indeed I have known him act—with the same tenderness toward a poor dog which had been, by accident, severely wounded. In his establishment, both slaves and lower animals were equally spoiled; but, as a matter of principle, he would have no more thought of denying that the lash was, at times, necessary for the correction of slaves, than he would have denied that it was necessary for the correction of brute creatures.

One day, in an agony of despair, I threw myself at Mr. Graham's feet, and poured out all my sorrow. His manner was very kind and affectionate—but still that taint of blood! I read the thought in his words of tender pity. He evidently felt that there was *some* difference in our respective natures—a radical defect existing in mine, which demanded his deepest sympathy. The same sort of conversation might have taken place between us on the supposition that some slight germ of insanity existed in my mind, so slight that my reasoning faculties were scarcely affected by it—so slight, in short, that there was every hope the evil might be overcome by healthy mental discipline and strict watchfulness.

My feeling of estrangement toward my father appeared to him unnatural, and not to be accounted for by any ordinary cause. He admitted that mine was a bitter trial; but yet my father had done all that lay in his power to lighten the burden. I had received the blessing of a good education. I had been brought up in the paths of religion and virtue. I had been associated, as far as possible, with my father's own friends and connections. I had been treated with the utmost affection and regard. I ought to humble myself to my father's will, and to strive to cast out the evil pride which hardened my heart. By God's grace I might hope to do it; but I must make earnest effort, using frequent prayer.

That interview with Mr. Graham only added to my despair. I had sought consolation of one for whom I felt the greatest reverence and respect; I had sought consolation where consolation may be most surely found—in religious converse and advice; but his words and love utterly failed to alleviate the sorrow of my heart. I little imagined at that time that what I looked upon with the utmost misery as being the dark depravity of my own heart was an intuitive sense of God's justice in rebellion against man's false principle and practice. My heart would not be humbled by prayer, but it was humbled by the endurance of ignominy. All pride was cast out of me at last. My cheek no longer flushed at the vile yet cleverly hidden insinuations of Abel. I had lost all sense of degradation in a blow from my father. I was callous to all affronts from the visitors who now frequented my father's house for Abel's pleasure and amusement.

Shut out from earthly hope and heavenly consolation, I felt that I was gradually sinking to the level of the wretched beings around me. My mother had claimed me as her own—the inheritor of her nature and her degradation. I suppose it could only have been a question of time how long my bodily strength would have endured this fearful conflict of feeling. The end came at last.

My father was taken dangerously ill. It was my duty to nurse him; and then, God be thanked! I experienced a gleam of relief. I could love him with some of my old love when he was in pain, for those social ties which had estranged me from him were lost in the sick room. There seemed, in some strange way, to be a bond of union, arising from his sufferings, which bound him to my dead mother and myself. Alas! it was but a slender link.

The hasty vehemence of health and a passionate disposition left him now; he became very mild in his manner, thoughtful beyond his wont, and his thoughts turned heavenward. Mr. Graham frequently came to visit him, reading and conversing on religious matters.

My father, one day, when we chanced to be alone, gave me his keys and bade me get the miniature from his desk. He held it a while feebly in his hands, gazing fondly upon it, and then made me fasten it by a ribbon round his neck. From that period his thoughts, with few intermissions, centred in the recollections of his wife. Her name was always on his lips, uttered with terms of endearment. All his hope was to meet her again, and be with her in heaven. Not one word, through all this, not one thought, of my mother! I used to sit at his bedside, my heart ready to burst, hoping and praying that the remembrance of the shameful past might rise up in his mind. They told me that the slightest excitement might be fatal to him, so my tongue was bound to silence.

One night my father desired to be left alone with Mr. Graham. I was told to leave the room; but I stole back, crouching behind a curtain. There was something still on his mind which troubled him. It had no reference to my mother. Mr. Graham cheered him with Christian hope and consolation. I could endure it no longer. I arose from my hiding-place and stood before them.

"My mother!" I exclaimed; "has he prayed forgiveness for that wrong?"

Mr. Graham was startled by my presence. "He has repented," was the reply, "of the grievous sin which gave you existence. I have the fullest confidence in his repentance."

"But his sin against my mother!" I cried; for some feeling I could not resist impelled me to speak out. "Torn away from her husband and children—sold away to infamy and shame—that is the sin I speak of!"

"You speak," answered Mr. Graham, "as if this act had been done to some white woman living in holy matrimony."

I burst into tears and fled from the room.

They never let me see him again; they never forgave me what I had said. Toward the end, they told me he became very calm, lying a while almost insensible, with the miniature clasped in his hand. Then, with a last convulsive effort, he stretched forth his arms, as if in the act of clasping some form to his bosom, and crying aloud the name he loved so well, fell back and died.

The Evanses took me away to their house. I was in the greatest need of comfort and support. The misery which appeared to arise from the innate defect of my nature was wrought to its utmost pitch. I felt that I was guilty of hastening my father's death, and that the inherent defect of my nature was to blame for my guilt.

Abel succeeded in all his plans. The bulk of the property was left to him: a moderate competency only being reserved for me. But the loss of wealth seemed nothing in comparison with the dark taint left upon me.

It was long before my bodily health sufficiently recovered to allow of my leaving the Evanses. I then joined the Summerses in Canada, and in their company I came to England. It was only by little and little that my broken spirit was built up; that I regained my feeling of self-respect, of self-confidence. Free! At first it seemed utterly marvelous that people in England did not shrink from me. I could not for a long time believe in the possibility of being loved and treated as an equal by the pure white race. They used to think me cold and proud, when in reality I was holding back in the misery of my old sense of inferiority, and my old fear of insult. Mrs. Summers and her daughter supported my faltering confidence and cheered my heart. I told them that I would not have their friends deceived in respect of my personal history, and I was astonished when I found that this knowledge only elicited for me the warmest sympathy and regard. Every lingering doubt was dispelled one day, when those words, which in my own land would have covered me with shame were whispered in my ear, and the good man asked me to be his wife, who has been my kind husband these many and many happy years.

OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN.

We continue this week, on pages 289, 296, and 297, our series of sketches of the military operations at Yorktown, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, and Mr. Mead of the Vermont Brigade. Pages 296 and 297 contain a view of Yorktown from the River, Gloucester also from the River, and the Rebel Works at Wynn's Mill, and two other war pictures. Our artist, Mr. Waud, thus describes these pictures:

"The view of 'Yorktown from the River' was sketched from Farinholt's house—a position on the river from which Gloucester and Yorktown can both be seen. The works at Yorktown consist of fortifications extending along the top of the bluffs, running far inland, and a water-battery on the beach. The little dock on the point is a very busy spot. Schooners are constantly going and coming, unloading men and stores. Wagons crowd the adjacent beach, attended by crowds of men, horse and foot. On the water-battery three very heavy guns are mounted; and there is another, partly hidden by the sand-bags, on the little fort to the right. Above, on the table-land, are numerous works for the defense of the water-front of the position. Behind these the houses of Yorktown can be seen. It is a small place, and seems to be just such a place as Fairfax Court House. On the opposite side of the river is Gloucester—a much smaller place, but strongly fortified. Here is a water-battery of seven embrasures, and alongside of it a redoubt, mounting two heavy pieces, connected with the works on the heights by a long curtain. On the bluff the enemy is busy covering his guns with sand-bags.

"The rebel flag flaunts over these works at several points, marking the head-quarters of different commands, and there is a goodly number of hospital flags.

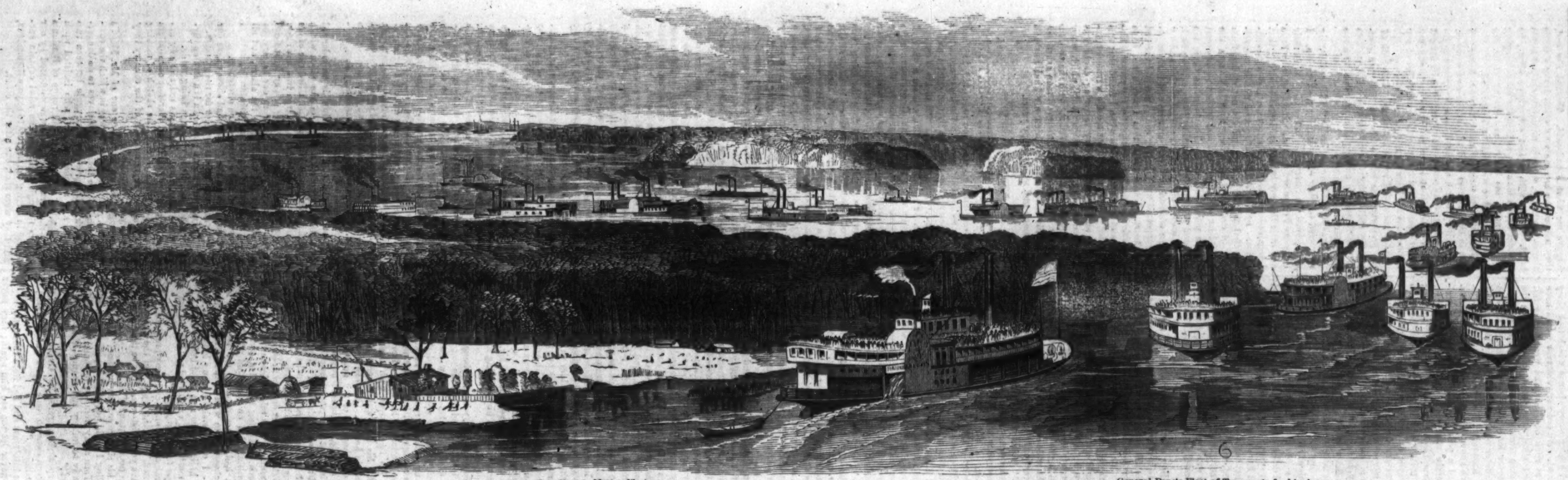
"The picture entitled 'Rebel Works at Wynn's Mills' is a view of a portion of the rebel works, from a point south of Yorktown, two or three miles from the river. It consists of a line of rifle-pits, with earth-works for guns behind, with occasional redoubts along the front. The course of the little stream which afterward becomes Warwick River is marked by the stockade which crosses it, where there is a dam. Beyond, to the left, the rifle-pits run into the woods, which are defended by stockades and logs fastened across from tree to tree. At one place in the sketch—marked by a distant horseman—is visible the covered way connecting the works. Here a carriage is occasionally seen, supposed to contain Jeff Davis.

"The 'Sketch of a Rebel Gun' is an enlarged view, taken through a glass, of the piece which wounded Lieutenant Wagner and killed one of his assistants. It seems to be a large iron howitzer, and was finally silenced by one of our light field-pieces. At every discharge from our battery the man on the right would give the alarm, and all would drop out of sight; notwithstanding several were wounded and carried off on stretchers.

"The holes on the fort beyond show where our shots struck uncomfortably near for the gunners.

"The country about Yorktown is a swamp covered with pines, little clearings being made here and there for farms. No roads exist of any account for military operations, therefore our soldiers have had to make them. The sketch of making roads is a good representation of the country they have to work through."

On page 289 we reproduce one of Mr. Mead's sketches. It illustrates the way in which the cowardly rebels force their negro slaves to do dangerous work. It represents a struggle between two negroes and a rebel captain, who insisted upon their loading a cannon within range of Berdan's Sharp-shooters. The affair was witnessed by our officers through a glass. The rebel captain succeeded in forcing the negroes to expose themselves, and they were shot, one after the other.



The Gunboat-fleet, in Advance. The Ordnance Boats. Commodore Foote's Mortar Fleet. General Pope's Fleet of Transports for his Army.

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE FEDERAL FLOTILLA DESCENDING THE MISSISSIPPI TO ATTACK FORT WRIGHT.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

Plum Point. Benton. Craighead's Point. Fort Wright. Position of our Mortars on the Arkansas Shore. Commodore Foote's Tug Jessie Benton. Pittsburg. Mortar Tow-boats. Carondelet. Cairo. Mail-boat De Soto. Ordnance Boat. Mound City. Conestoga. Cincinnati. General Pope's Transports, and Landing-place for his Army.

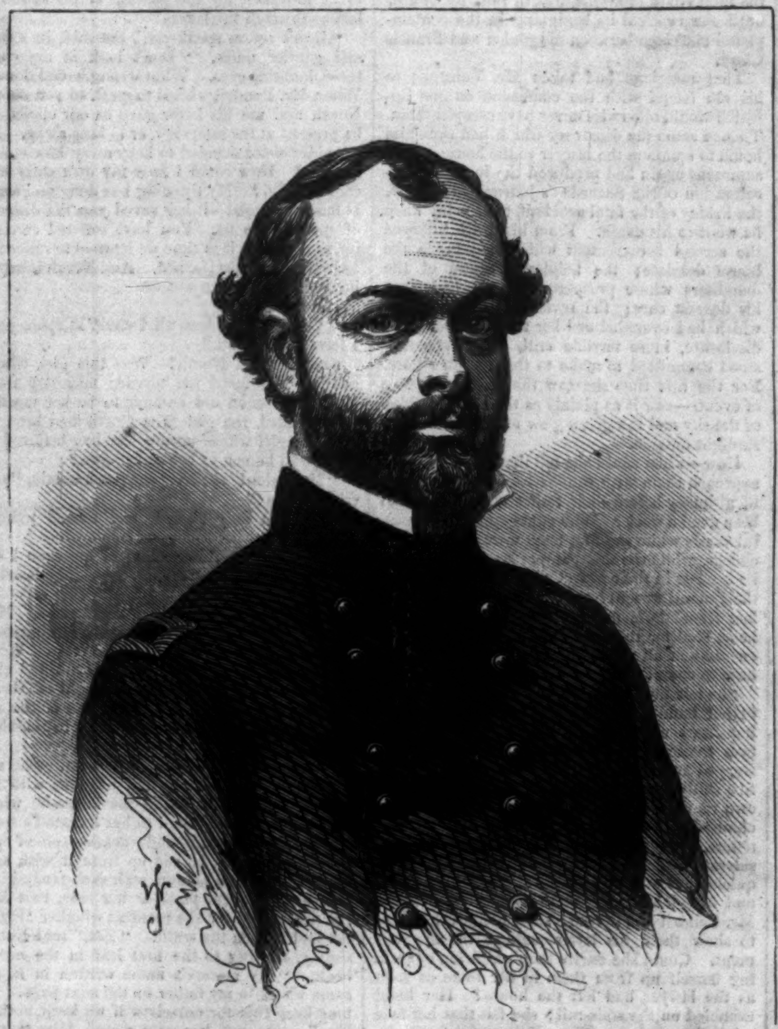
RECONNOISSANCE OF FORT WRIGHT BY THE GUN-BOATS AND MORTAR FLEET, APRIL 18, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.

WE publish on this page a portrait of GENERAL GILMORE, the hero of Pulaski, from a photograph by Lieutenant Haas.

General Gilmore was born in Ohio, about thirty-six years ago. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1845, and graduated in 1849, at the head of a class of 43 members. He was appointed to the Engineers, and was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in 1856, and to a Captaincy in 1861. From 1849 to 1852 he was engaged on the fortifications at Hampton Roads; from 1852 to 1856 he was instructor of Practical Military Engineering at West Point, and during this time he designed the new Riding School on the crest of the Hill. He served from 1856 to 1861 as Purchasing Agent for the department in New York, and made many friends here. In 1861 he was assigned to the staff of General Sherman, and accompanied him to Port Royal. General Sherman appointed him Brigadier-General of Volunteers—a rank which it is hoped the President will confirm. General Gilmore had entire charge of the siege operations against Fort Pulaski, and it is to his skill that the success of the bombardment is due. The *Tribune* correspondent well says:

The result of the efforts to breach a fort of such strength and at such a distance confers high honor on the engineering skill and self-reliant capacity of General Gilmore. Failure in an attempt made in opposition to the opinion of the ablest engineers in the army would have destroyed him. Success, which in this case is wholly attributable to his talent, energy, and independence, deserves a corresponding reward.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LIEUTENANT HAAS.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

MISS GARTH'S hand still mechanically grasped the lawyer's arm. Her whole mind was absorbed in the effort to realize the discovery which had now burst on her.

"Dependent on Michael Vanstone!" she said to herself. "Dependent on their father's bitterest enemy! How can it be?"

"Give me your attention for a few minutes more," said Mr. Pendril, "and you shall hear. The sooner we can bring this painful interview to a close the sooner I can open communications with Mr. Michael Vanstone, and the sooner you will know what he decides on doing for his brother's orphan daughters. I repeat to you that they are absolutely dependent on him. You will most readily understand how and why, if we take up the chain of events where we last left it—at the period of Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone's marriage."

"One moment, Sir," said Miss Garth. "Were you in the secret of that marriage at the time when it took place?"

"Unhappily I was not. I was away from London—away from England at the time. If Mr. Vanstone had been able to communicate with me when the letter from America announced the death of his wife, the fortunes of his daughters would not have been now at stake."

He paused; and, before proceeding further, looked once more at the letters which he had consulted at an earlier period of the interview. He took one letter from the rest, and put it on the table by his side.

"At the beginning of the present year," he resumed, "a very serious business necessity, in connection with some West Indian property possessed by an old client and friend of mine, required the presence either of myself or of one of my two partners in Jamaica. One of the two could not be spared; the other was not in health to undertake the voyage. There was no choice left but for me to go. I wrote to Mr. Vanstone, telling him that I should leave England at the end of February, and that the nature of the business which took me away afforded little hope of my getting back from the West Indies before June. My letter was not written with any special motive. I merely thought it right—seeing that my partners were not admitted to my knowledge of Mr. Vanstone's private affairs—to warn him of my absence, as a measure of formal precaution which it was right to take. At the end of February I left England, without having heard from him. I was on the sea when the news of his wife's death reached him, on the 4th of March, and I did not return until the middle of last June."

"You warned him of your departure," interposed Miss Garth. "Did you not warn him of your return?"

"Not personally. My head-clerk sent him one of the circulars which were dispatched from my office, in various directions, to announce my return. It was the first substitute I thought of for the personal letter which the pressure of innumerable occupations, all crowding on me together after my long absence, did not allow me leisure to write. Barely a month later the first information of his marriage reached me in a letter from himself, written on the day of the fatal accident. The circumstances which induced him to write arose out of an event in which you must have taken some interest—I mean the attachment between Mr. Clare's son and Mr. Vanstone's youngest daughter."

"I can not say that I was favorably disposed toward that attachment at the time," replied Miss Garth. "I was ignorant then of the family secret: I know better now."

"Exactly. The motive which you can now appreciate is the motive that leads us to the point. The young lady herself (as I have heard from the elder Mr. Clare, to whom I am indebted for my knowledge of the circumstances in detail) confessed her attachment to her father, and innocently touched him to the quick by a chance reference to his own early life. He had a long conversation with Mrs. Vanstone, at which they both agreed that Mr. Clare must be privately informed of the truth, before the attachment between the two young people was allowed to proceed further. It was painful in the last degree, both to husband and wife, to be reduced to this alternative. But they were resolute, honorably resolute, in making the sacrifice of their own feelings; and Mr. Vanstone betook himself on the spot to Mr. Clare's cottage.—You no doubt observed a remarkable change in Mr. Vanstone's manner on that day; and you can now account for it?"

Miss Garth bowed her head, and Mr. Pendril went on.

"You are sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Clare's contempt for all social prejudices," he continued, "to anticipate his reception of the confession which his neighbor addressed to him. Five minutes after the interview had begun the two old friends were as easy and unrestrained together as usual. In the course of conversation Mr. Vanstone mentioned the pecuniary arrangement which he had made for the benefit of his daughter and of her future husband—and, in doing so, he naturally referred to this will here on the table between us. Mr. Clare, remembering that his friend had been married in the March of that year, at once asked when the will had been executed; received the reply that it had been made five years since, and thereupon astounded Mr. Vanstone by telling him bluntly that the document was waste paper in the eye of the law. Up to that moment he, like many other persons, had been absolutely ignorant that a man's marriage is legally, as well as socially, considered to be the most important event in his life; that it destroys the validity of any will which he may have made as a single man; and that it renders absolutely necessary the entire reassertion of his testamentary intentions in the character of a husband. The statement of this plain fact appeared to overwhelm Mr. Vanstone. Declaring that his friend had laid him under an obligation which he should remember to his dying day, he at once left the cottage, at once returned home and wrote me this letter."

He handed the letter open to Miss Garth. In tearless, speechless grief she read these words:

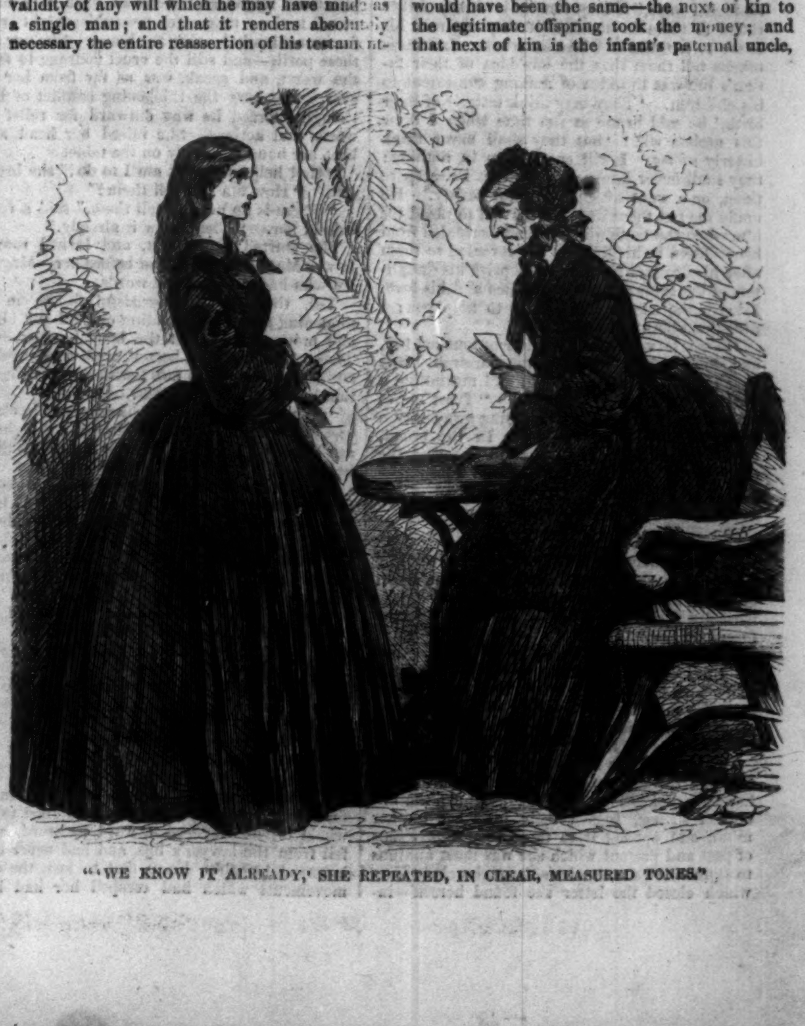
"MY DEAR PENDRIL,—Since we last wrote to each other an extraordinary change has taken place in my life. About a week after you went away I received news from America which told me that I was free. Need I say what use I made of that freedom? Need I say that the mother of my children is now my Wife?

"If you are surprised at not having heard from me the moment you got back, attribute my silence in great part—if not altogether—to my own total ignorance of the legal necessity for making another will. Not half an hour since I was enlightened for the first time (under circumstances which I will mention when we meet) by my old friend, Mr. Clare. Family anxieties have had something to do with my silence as well. My wife's confinement is close at hand; and besides this serious anxiety, my second daughter is engaged to be married. Until I saw Mr. Clare to-day these matters so filled my mind that I never thought of writing to you during the one short month which is all that has passed since I got news of your return. Now I know that my will must be made again I write instantly. For God's sake, come on the day when you receive this—come and relieve me from the dreadful thought that my two darling girls are at this moment unprovided for. If any thing happened to me, and if my desire to do their mother justice ended (through my miserable ignorance of the law) in leaving Norah and Magdalen disinherited, I should not rest in my grave! Come, at any cost, to yours ever, A. V."

"On the Saturday morning," Mr. Pendril resumed, "those lines reached me. I instantly set aside all other business and drove to the railway. At the London terminus I heard the first news of the Friday's accident; heard it, with conflicting accounts of the numbers and names of the passengers killed. At Bristol they were better informed, and the dreadful truth about Mr. Vanstone was confirmed. I had time to recover myself before I reached your station here, and found Mr. Clare's son waiting for me. He took me to his father's cottage; and there, without losing a moment, I drew out Mrs. Vanstone's will. My object was to secure the only provision for her daughters which it was now possible to make. Mr. Vanstone having died intestate, a third of his fortune would go to his widow, and the rest would be divided among his next of kin. It is the cruel peculiarity of the English law that the marriage of the parents does not legitimatize children born out of wedlock. Mr. Vanstone's daughters, under the circumstances of their father's death, had no more claim to a share in his property than the daughters of one of his laborers in the village. The one chance left was that their mother might sufficiently recover to leave her third share to them, by will, in the event of her decease. Now you know why I wrote to you to ask for that interview—why I waited day and night, in the hope of receiving a summons to the house. I was sincerely sorry to send back such an answer to your note of inquiry as I was compelled to write. But while there was a chance of the preservation of Mrs. Vanstone's life the secret of the marriage was hers, not mine, and every consideration of delicacy forbade me to disclose it."

"You did right, Sir," said Miss Garth; "I understand your motives, and respect them."

"My last attempt to provide for the daughters," continued Mr. Pendril, "was, as you know, rendered unavailing by the dangerous nature of Mrs. Vanstone's illness. Her death left the infant who survived her by a few hours (the infant born, you will remember, in lawful wedlock) possessed, in due legal course, of the whole of Mr. Vanstone's fortune. On the child's death—if it had only outlived the mother by a few seconds, instead of a few hours, the result would have been the same—the next of kin to the legitimate offspring took the money; and that next of kin is the infant's paternal uncle,



"'WE KNOW IT ALREADY,' SHE REPEATED, IN CLEAR, MEASURED TONES."

Michael Vanstone. The whole fortune of eighty thousand pounds has virtually passed into his possession already."

"Are there no other relations?" asked Miss Garth. "Is there no hope from any one else?"

"There are no other relations with Michael Vanstone's claim," said the lawyer. "There are no grandfathers or grandmothers of the dead child (on the side of either of the parents) now alive. It was not likely there should be, considering the ages of Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone when they died. But it is a misfortune to be reasonably lamented that no other uncles or aunts survive. There are cousins alive—a son and two daughters of that elder sister of Mr. Vanstone's who married Archdeacon Bartram, and who died, as I told you, some years since. But their interest is superseded by the interest of the nearer blood. No, Miss Garth, we must look facts as they are resolutely in the face. The law of England, as it affects illegitimate offspring, is a disgrace to the nation. It violates every principle of Christian mercy, by visiting the sins of the parents on the children; it encourages vice by depriving fathers and mothers of the strongest of all motives for making the atonement of marriage; and it claims to produce these two abominable results in the names of morality and religion. It is not the law of Scotland, not the law of France, not the law (so far as I know) of any other civilized community in Europe. A day may come when England will be ashamed of it; but that day has not dawned yet. Mr. Vanstone's daughters are Nobody's Children, and the law leaves them helpless at their uncle's mercy."

He spoke those words with the energy of honest indignation, and rose to his feet.

"It is useless to dwell longer," he said, "on past and present. The morning is wearing away, and the future claims us. The best service which I can now render you is to shorten the period of your suspense. In less than an hour I shall be on my way back to London. Immediately on my arrival I will ascertain the speediest means of communicating with Mr. Michael Vanstone, and will let you know the result. Sad as the position of the two sisters now is, we must look at it on its best side; we must not lose hope."

"Hope?" repeated Miss Garth. "Hope from Michael Vanstone!"

"Yes; hope from the influence on him of time, if not from the influence of mercy. As I have already told you, he is now an old man; he can not, in the course of nature, expect to live much longer. If he looks back to the period when he and his brother were first at variance, he must look back through thirty years. Surely these are softening influences which must affect any man? Surely his own knowledge of the shocking circumstances under which he has become possessed of this money will plead with him, if nothing else does?"

"I will try to think as you do, Mr. Pendril—I will try to hope for the best. Shall we be left long in suspense before the decision reaches us?"

"I trust not. The only delay on my side will be caused by the necessity of discovering the place of Michael Vanstone's residence on the Continent. I think I have the means of meeting this difficulty successfully, and the moment I reach London those means shall be tried."

He took up his hat, and then returned to the table on which the father's last letter and the father's useless will were lying side by side. After a moment's consideration he placed them both in Miss Garth's hands.

"It may help you in breaking the hard truth to the orphan sisters," he said, in his quiet, self-repressed way, "if they can see how their father refers to them in his will—if they can read his letter to me, the last he ever wrote. Let these tokens tell them that the one idea of their father's life was the idea of making atonement to his children. 'They may think bitterly of their birth,' he said to me at the time when I drew this useless will; 'but they shall never think bitterly of *me*. I will cross them in nothing: they shall never know a sorrow that I can spare them, or a want which I will not satisfy.' He made me put those words in his will to plead for him when the truth which he had concealed from his children in his lifetime was revealed to them after his death. No law can deprive his daughters of the legacy of his repentance and his love. I leave the will and the letter to help you: I give them both into your care."

He saw how his parting kindness touched her, and thoughtfully hastened the farewell. She took his hand in both her own and murmured a few broken words of gratitude. "Trust me to do my best," he said—and, turning away with a merciful abruptness, left her. In the broad, cheerful sunshine he had come in to reveal the fatal truth. In the broad, cheerful sunshine—that truth disclosed—he went out.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was nearly an hour past noon when Mr. Pendril left the house. Miss Garth sat down again at the table alone, and tried to face the necessity which the event of the morning now forced on her.

Her mind was not equal to the effort. She tried to lessen the strain on it—to lose the sense of her own position—to escape from her thoughts for a few minutes only. After a little she opened Mr. Vanstone's letter, and mechanically set herself to read it through once more.

One by one the last words of the dead man fastened themselves more and more firmly on her attention. The unrelieved solitude, the unbroken silence, helped their influence on her mind, and opened it to those very impressions of past and present which she was most anxious to shun. As she reached the melancholy lines which closed the letter she found herself—insensibly, almost unconsciously, at first—tracing the fatal chain of events, link by link, backward, until she reached its beginning in the contemplated marriage between Magdalen and Francis Clare.

That marriage had taken Mr. Vanstone to his old friend with the confession on his lips which would otherwise never have escaped them. Thence came the discovery which had sent him home to summon the lawyer to the house. That summons again had produced the inevitable acceleration of the Saturday's journey to Friday, the Friday of the fatal accident, the Friday when he went to his death. From his death followed the second bereavement which had made the house desolate; the helpless position of the daughters whose prosperous future had been his dearest care; the revelation of the secret which had overwhelmed her that morning; the disclosure, more terrible still, which she now stood committed to make to the orphan sisters. For the first time she saw the whole sequence of events—saw it as plainly as the cloudless blue of the sky and the green glow of the trees in the sunlight outside.

How—when could she tell them? Who could approach them with the disclosure of their own illegitimacy before their father and mother had been dead a week? Who could speak the dreadful words while the first tears were wet on their cheeks, while the first pang of separation was at its keenest in their hearts, while the memory of the funeral was not a day old yet? Not their last friend left; not the faithful woman whose heart bled for them. No! silence for the present time at all risks—merciful silence for many days to come!

She left the room with the will and the letter in her hand—with the natural, human pity at her heart which sealed her lips and shut her eyes resolutely to the future. In the hall she stopped and listened. Not a sound was audible. She softly ascended the stairs on her way to her own room, and passed the door of Norah's bedchamber. Voices inside, the voices of the two sisters, caught her ear. After a moment's consideration she checked herself, turned back, and quickly descended the stairs again. Both Norah and Magdalen knew of the interview between Mr. Pendril and herself: she had felt it her duty to show them his letter making the appointment. Could she excite their suspicion by locking herself up from them in her room as soon as the lawyer had left the house? Her hand trembled on the stair-rail; she felt that her face might betray her. The self-forgetful fortitude, which had never failed her until that day, had been tried once too often—had been tasked beyond its powers at last.

At the hall door she reflected for a moment again, and went into the garden, directing her steps to a rustic bench and table placed out of sight of the house among the trees. In past times she had often sat there with Mrs. Vanstone on one side, with Norah on the other, with Magdalen and the dogs romping on the grass. Alone she sat there now—the will and the letter, which she dared not trust out of her own possession, laid on the table—her head bowed over them; her face hidden in her hands. Alone she sat there, and tried to rouse her sinking courage.

Doubts thronged on her of the dark days to come; dread beset her of the hidden danger which her own silence toward Norah and Magdalen might store up in the near future. The accident of a moment might suddenly reveal the truth. Mr. Pendril might write, might personally address himself to the sisters, in the natural conviction that she had enlightened them. Complications might gather round them at a moment's notice; unforeseen necessities might arise for immediately leaving the house. She saw all these perils—and still the cruel courage to face the worst, and speak, was as far from her as ever. Ere long the thickening conflict of her thoughts forced its way outward for relief in words and actions. She raised her head and beat her hand helplessly on the table.

"God help me, what am I to do!" she broke out. "How am I to tell them?"

"There is no need to tell them," said a voice behind her. "They know it already."

She started to her feet, and looked round. It was Magdalen who stood before her—Magdalen who had spoken those words.

Yes, there was the graceful figure, in its mourning garments, standing out tall and black and motionless against the leafy back-ground. There was Magdalen herself, with a changeless stillness on her white face; with an icy resignation in her steady gray eyes.

"We know it already," she repeated, in clear, measured tones. "Mr. Vanstone's daughters are Nobody's Children, and the law leaves them helpless at their uncle's mercy."

So, without a tear on her cheeks, without a faltering tone in her voice, she repeated the lawyer's own words, exactly as he had spoken them. Miss Garth staggered back a step, and caught at the bench to support herself. Her head swam; she closed her eyes in a momentary faintness. When they opened again Magdalen's arm was supporting her, Magdalen's breath fanned her cheek, Magdalen's cold lips kissed her. She drew back from the kiss; the touch of the girl's lips thrilled her with terror.

As soon as she could speak she put the inevitable question. "You heard us," she said. "Where?"

"Under the open window."

"All the time?"

"From beginning to end."

She had listened—this girl of eighteen, in the first week of her orphanage, had listened to the whole terrible revelation, word by word, as it fell from the lawyer's lips, and had never once betrayed herself! From first to last, the only movements which had escaped her had been movements guarded enough and slight enough to be mistaken for the passage of the summer breeze through the leaves!

"Don't try to speak yet," she said, in softer and gentler tones. "Don't look at me with those doubting eyes. What wrong have I done? When Mr. Pendril wished to speak to you about Norah and me his letter gave us our choice to be present at the interview, or to keep away. If my elder sister decided to keep away how could I come? How could I hear my own story except as I did? My listening has done no harm. It has done good—it has saved you the distress of speaking to us. You have suffered enough for us already: it is time we learned to suffer for ourselves. I have learned. And Norah is learning."

"Norah!"

"Yes. I have done all I could to spare you. I have told Norah."

She had told Norah! Was this girl, whose courage had faced the terrible necessity from which a woman old enough to be her mother had recoiled, the girl Miss Garth had brought up? the girl whose nature she had believed to be as well known to her as her own?

"Magdalen!" she cried out, passionately, "you frighten me!"

Magdalen only sighed, and turned wearily away.

"Try not to think worse of me than I deserve," she said. "I can't cry. My heart is numbed."

She moved away slowly over the grass. Miss Garth watched the tall black figure gliding away alone, until it was lost among the trees. While it was in sight she could think of nothing else. The moment it was gone she thought of Norah. For the first time in her experience of the sisters her heart led her instinctively to the elder of the two.

Norah was still in her own room. She was sitting on the couch by the window, with her mother's old music-book—the keepsake which Mrs. Vanstone had found in her husband's study on the day of her husband's death—spread open on her lap. She looked up from it with such quiet sorrow, and pointed with such ready kindness to the vacant place at her side, that Miss Garth doubted for the moment whether Magdalen had spoken the truth. "See," said Norah, simply, turning to the first leaf in the music-book. "My mother's name written in it, and some verses to my father on the next page. We may keep this for ourselves if we keep nothing else." She put her arm round Miss Garth's neck, and a faint tinge of color stole over her cheeks. "I see anxious thoughts in your face," she whispered. "Are you anxious about me? Are you doubting whether I have heard it? I have heard the whole truth. I might have felt it bitterly later; it is too soon to feel it now. You have seen Magdalen? She went out to find you—where did you leave her?"

"In the garden. I couldn't speak to her; I couldn't look at her. Magdalen has frightened me."

Norah rose hurriedly; rose, startled and distressed by Miss Garth's reply.

"Don't think ill of Magdalen," she said. "Magdalen suffers in secret more than I do. Try not to grieve over what you have heard about us this morning. Does it matter who we are, or what we keep or lose? What loss is there for us after the loss of our father and mother? Oh, Miss Garth, *there* is the only bitterness! What did we remember of them when we laid them in the grave yesterday? Nothing but the love they gave us—the love we must never hope for again. What else can we remember to-day? What change can the world, and the world's cruel laws, make in *our* memory of the kindest father, the kindest mother, that children ever had!" She stopped; struggled with her rising grief; and quietly, resolutely kept it down. "Will you wait here," she said, "while I go and bring Magdalen back? Magdalen was always your favorite: I want her to be your favorite still." She laid the music-book gently on Miss Garth's lap, and left the room.

"Magdalen was always your favorite."

Tenderly as they had been spoken, those words fell reproachfully on Miss Garth's ear. For the first time in the long companionship of her pupils and herself, a doubt whether she, and all those about her, had not been fatally mistaken in their relative estimate of the sisters, now forced itself on her mind.

She had studied the natures of her two pupils in the daily intimacy of twelve years. Those natures, which she believed herself to have sounded through all their depths, had been suddenly tried in the sharp ordeal of affliction. How had they come out from the test? As her previous experience had prepared her to see them? No: in flat contradiction to it.

What did such a result as this imply?

Thoughts came to her as she asked herself that question which have startled and saddened us all.

Does there exist in every human being, beneath that outward and visible character which is shaped into form by the social influences surrounding us, an inward, invisible disposition which is part of ourselves; which education may indirectly modify, but can never hope to change? Is the philosophy which denies this, and asserts that we are born with dispositions like blank sheets of paper, a philosophy which has failed to remark that we are not born with blank faces—a philosophy which has never compared together two infants of a few days old, and has never observed that those infants are not born with blank tempers for mothers and nurses to fill up at will? Are there, infinitely varying with each individual, inbred forces of Good and Evil in all of us, deep down below the reach of mortal encouragement and mortal repression—hidden Good and hidden Evil, both alike at the mercy of the liberating opportunity and the sufficient temptation? Within these earthly limits is earthly Circumstance ever the key; and can no human vigilance warn us beforehand of the forces imprisoned in ourselves which that key may unlock?

For the first time thoughts such as these rose darkly—as shadowy and terrible possibilities—in Miss Garth's mind. For the first time she associated those possibilities with the past conduct and characters, with the future lives and fortunes, of the orphan sisters.

Searching, as in a glass, darkly, into the two natures, she felt her way, doubt by doubt, from one possible truth to another. It might be that the upper surface of their characters was all that she had thus far plainly seen in Norah and Magdalen. It might be that the unalluring secrecy and reserve of one sister, the all-attractive openness and high spirits of the other, were more or less referable, in each case, to those physical causes which work toward the production of moral results. It might be that under the surface so formed—a surface which there had been nothing, hitherto, in the happy, prosperous, uneventful lives of the sisters to disturb—forces of inborn and inbred disposition had remained concealed which the shock of the first serious calamity in their lives had now thrown up into view. Was this so? Was the promise of the future shining with prophetic light through the surface-shadow of Norah's reserve, and darkening with prophetic gloom under the surface glitter of Magdalen's bright spirits? If the life of the elder sister was destined henceforth to be the ripening-ground of the undeveloped Good that was in her, was the life of the younger doomed to be the battle-field of mortal conflict with the roused forces of Evil in herself?

On the brink of that terrible conclusion Miss Garth shrank back in dismay. Her heart was the heart of a true woman. It accepted the conviction which raised Norah higher in her love: it rejected the doubt which threatened to place Magdalen lower. She rose and paced the room impatiently; she recoiled with an angry suddenness from the whole train of thought in which her mind had been engaged but the moment before. What if there were dangerous elements in the strength of Magdalen's character—was it not her duty to help the girl against herself? How had she performed that duty? She had let herself be governed by first fears and first impressions; she had never waited to consider whether Magdalen's openly acknowledged action of that morning might not imply a self-sacrificing fortitude, which promised in after-life the noblest and highest results. She had let Norah go and speak those words of tender remonstrance, of pleading sympathy, which she should first have spoken herself. "Oh!" she thought bitterly, "how long I have lived in the world, and how little I have known of my own weakness and wickedness until to-day!"

The door of the room opened. Norah came in, as she had gone out, alone.

"Do you remember leaving any thing on the little table by the garden-seat?" she asked, quietly.

Before Miss Garth could answer the question she held out her father's will and her father's letter.

"Magdalen came back after you went away," she said, "and found these last relics. She heard Mr. Pendril say they were her legacy and mine. When I went into the garden she was reading the letter. There was no need for me to speak to her: our father had spoken to her from his grave. See how she has listened to him!"

She pointed to the letter. The traces of heavy tear-drops lay thick over the last lines of the dead man's writing.

"*Her* tears," said Norah, softly.

Miss Garth's head drooped low over the mute revelation of Magdalen's return to her better self.

"Oh, never doubt her again!" pleaded Norah. "We are alone now—we have our hard way through the world to walk on as patiently as we can. If Magdalen ever falters and turns back, help her for the love of old times; help her against herself."

"With all my heart and strength, as God shall judge me, with the devotion of my whole life!" In those fervent words Miss Garth answered. She took the hand which Norah held out to her, and put it, in sorrow and humility, to her lips. "Oh, my love, forgive me! I have been miserably blind—I have never valued you as I ought!"

Norah gently checked her before she could say more—gently whispered, "Come with me into the garden—come, and help Magdalen to look patiently to the future."

The future! Who could see the faintest glimmer of it? Who could see any thing but the ill-omened figure of Michael Vanstone posted darkly on the verge of the present time, and closing all the prospect that lay beyond him?

COMMODORE FOOTE AT FORT WRIGHT.

Our Western artist, Mr. A. Simplot, has sent us the sketches which we reproduce on page 300. They represent Commodore Foote's Flotilla descending the Mississippi with the Transports; and the Commencement of the Bombardment of Fort Wright on the Chickasaw Bluffs, thirty-five miles in a straight line north of Memphis.

The correspondent of the *World* thus describes the approach to Fort Wright:

On nearing the locality, all that can be observed ahead of us is the wide rushing stream now swollen to unusual

dimensions, so that it is overflowing its banks, sweeping along in majesty and might. As we pass Plum Point the second Chickasaw Bluff looms up in the distance like a low range of hills, whose blue outline strikingly contrasts with the uniformly low and plashy shores of the river which extend from Columbus down. On rounding the point, as we took occasion to do with Captain Pike on a reconnoissance with a tug, we discover the top of the bluff cleared in places, and a few tents still standing, although their number is much diminished. With good optical aids a line of fresh excavations was to be discerned in one or two places near the water's edge, and something of the kind further up the hill-side. These are the new and hastily constructed batteries thrown up within a few days, and are mounted with some very heavy guns. The older fort, which has been in process of construction for several months, mounts nearly seventy guns, and has a front toward the land. The river batteries extend along the base, and round the lowest end of the bluff, covering a space of more than three miles.

The position we occupy and its relation to that of the enemy is not unlike that at Island No. 10. The commencement of operations is so much like that that one description might almost serve for both. Here we have the wide-rolling Mississippi turned in a grand sweep from its course and disappearing at the foot of the rising wall of granite—the same intervening point of land shutting our view of the rebel position, only so much more effectually as it is heavily wooded, and projects further into the stream. We have the string of transports lining the shore for miles above, the mortars chained to the shore just above the point, and the gun-boats like black sentinels placed at a short distance in the stream.

The mortars belch forth their terrible missiles in columns of smoke across the point in the same Vesuvian style; the little snorting tenders keep up the same incessant flitting from boat to boat, and the transports, tugs, and ammunition boats lie peacefully at the shore with the black smoke curling lazily from their towering chimneys, very much as they did six weeks since a hundred miles above. As yet the gun-boats have taken no part in the hostilities. Their function seems to be to convoy the fleet and keep ward against the hostile ships.

For reasons best known to our officers, there is no disposition to make an immediate assault upon the enemy's works with the gun-boats. Whether this be the old standing difficulty of fighting down stream, or the fear of severe punishment from the heavy guns mounted in the earthworks—the burden of the work comes upon the mortars which, from their range, their weight, and the comparative safety with which they can be used, are admirably suited to the purpose.

NEW ORLEANS.

WE give on page 292 a fine view of NEW ORLEANS, and on page 294 three views of the APPROACHES TO THAT CITY BY WAY OF THE RIGOLETS. On page 293 we illustrate COMMODORE FARRAGUT'S GULF SQUADRON, together with COMMODORE PORTER'S MORTAR FLEET, and FORTS JACKSON and ST. PHILIP; and on page 295 we give a MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, showing its course from its mouth to Cairo.

At the time we write we know nothing positively with regard to the progress of affairs at New Orleans, but dispatches through rebel sources state that the city fell on 25th. We know that Commodore Farragut's expedition entered the Mississippi River a month ago—in the last week of March. For some time after their first appearance they seem to have been inactive. But on 23d we heard through rebel sources of the bombardment of Fort Jackson, which was represented as "terrific." Our next intelligence is contained in the following telegram which was published in the Petersburg *Express* of 26th:

MOBILE, *April* 25, 1862.

The enemy passed Fort Jackson at four o'clock yesterday morning. When the news reached New Orleans the excitement was boundless. Martial law was put in full force, and business was completely suspended.

All the cotton and steamboats, excepting such as were necessary to transport coin, ammunition, etc., were destroyed.

At one o'clock to-day the operator bade us "good-by," saying that the enemy had appeared before the city.

This is the last we know regarding the fall. Will send particulars as soon as they can be had.

New Orleans, as every one knows, is the queen city of the South. It is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi River, about 100 miles from its mouth, 1668 miles southwest from New York, and 1438 southwest from Washington. The city is built around a bend in the river, from which circumstance it bears the sobriquet of "The Crescent City." The site inclines gently from the margin of the Mississippi toward the marshy ground in the rear, and is from two to five feet above the level of the river at the usual spring freshets. To prevent inundations an embankment or levee, about fifteen feet wide and six feet high, has been raised, extending 120 miles above the city, and to Fort Plaquemine, 43 miles below it. The old city proper, originally laid out by the French, is in the form of a parallelogram, thirteen hundred and twenty yards long and seven hundred yards wide. Above this are what were formerly the fauxbourgs of St. Mary, Annunciation, and La Course; below, Marigny Dounois and Declouet; and in the rear, Treme and St. Johns. The streets of New Orleans are of convenient breadth, well paved, and usually intersect each other at right angles. Canal Street is the broadest, being over one hundred feet in width, with a grass-plot in the centre about twenty-five feet wide, extending throughout its entire length. Most of the buildings are constructed of brick, and are generally low, except in the business portion, where they are usually five or six stories high. The dwellings in the suburbs, many of them, particularly in Lafayette, are surrounded with spacious yards, beautifully decorated with the orange, lemon, magnolia, and other ornamental trees. A basement about six feet high constitutes the only cellar, as none are sunk below the surface on account of the marshy character of the ground. In different sections of the city are several public squares, among which may be mentioned Jackson Square, formerly called Place de Armes, occupying the centre of the river front of the old town plot, now the First District. It is ornamented with shell walks, shrubbery, statuettes, etc., and is much frequented for recreation. Lafayette Square, in the Second District, is finely laid out and adorned with a profusion of shade trees. Congo Square, in the rear of the city, is also a handsome inclosure.

New Orleans is the chief cotton port in the United States. It had a population before the war of about 160,000.

The following descriptions of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which Commodore Farragut must have taken or silenced, will be read with interest:

FORT JACKSON.

Fort Jackson is on the right or west bank of the river, immediately opposite Fort St. Philip, and about twenty-five miles from the head of the passes leading into the Gulf of Mexico. This is a very strong casemated fort, intended to mount one hundred and fifty guns, thirty-one of which were intended to have been barbette. When seized by the rebels it was not complete, and we have no reason to believe it has yet its full armament; but it has, nevertheless, been considerably strengthened by the State authorities, and its complement of barbette guns placed in position. It cost the United States nearly a million of dollars, and is capable of holding six hundred men. Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson so completely command the Mississippi that no vessel could pass them while they remained in operation.

FORT ST. PHILIP.

This fort is situated on the left or east bank of the Mississippi River, about seventy miles below New Orleans. It is a very strong casemated fort, and, with its one hundred and fifty guns, commands the navigation of the river. It was bombarded in 1815 by the British vessels of war, at which time it was commanded by Major Overton, uncle of Thomas Overton Moore, the present Governor of Louisiana. The rebels have put some repairs upon it, and have substituted ten Columbiads for the same number of the old guns, besides otherwise strengthening its defensible position. It has a lower and an upper exterior battery, mounting twenty-eight guns each. The Government paid for its construction two hundred and four thousand dollars, and its armament cost one hundred and two thousand more. It is capable of garrisoning six hundred men, and no doubt now contains at least that number.

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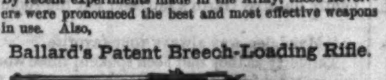

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